DISASTER AND DEATH

EIGHT SCHOOL CHILDREN KILLED BY A CYCLONE IN GEORGIA.

One of the Teachers Will Die—Two Families in the Country, Thirteen Persons in All, Sent to Eternity by the Same War of the Elements.

Arlington, Ga., March 23.—Every heart in Calhoun county is wrung with anguish. An awful cyclone swept down upon this little place yesterday and accomplished a work of horror that will never be forgotten in the community. The bodies of eight children have been taken from the ruins of the Arlington Academy, and about a dozen others will die. Thirty-five children and two teachers went down in the wreck of the building. The Arlington academy lay directly in the path of the storm. It was knocked into a great heap, and the work of death was done even before the danger was realized. The structure was smashed into kindling wood, and the broken timbers and dead bodies mixed together in sickening confusion.

Eight of the Children Dead.

The death list so far as known is: Alice Putnam, Claude Roberts, Ollie Paramore, Willie McMurria, Genie Butler, Maud Johnson, Mary Wellons and Kenneth Boynton. The two teachers, Professors Covington and Walker, have been removed from the ruins terribly hurt. Walker, it is thought, will die. Nearly every home in the community has been blighted by the storm's cruel work. Men and women stand about wringing their hands and weeping for their children, utterly paralyzed for a time and unable to rescue the injured or recover the dead.

The wounded are: Ernest Weltons, leg broken; Dudley Killebrew, both legs broken; Professor W. A. Covington, internal injuries, will die; Alton Carter, leg broken; Ethel Carter, internal injures, will die; Ben McMurray, head crushed, will die; Bettie Parramore, arm broken and hurt internally; Nola Roberts, shoulders dislocated; Simon Sanders, leg broken, hurt internally, will die; George Riley, arm broken, hurt internally; Clara Thighpen, arms broken, hurt internally, will die.

PITIABLE SCENE AT THE WRECK.

Mothers Clasp Their Bleeding Little Ones to Their Arms—Other Deaths.

The scenes around the building were most heartrending as mothers clasped the forms of their loved children in their arms, heeding not their bloody and mangled condition. The rain began to pour down in torrents as soon as the wind passed off, and the 500 people were drenched to the skin while clearing away the wreck. Some remarkable escapes were related. One little girl almost suffocated to death for want of air was lying under three of her dead companions, whose bodies had formed a buffer which had saved her from the severity of the blows of falling debris. Along the banks of the Chattahoochie river up from Appalachicola there is but one story of death and destruction.

The storm came from the Gulf of Mexico, forming on the western side, and entering the Appalachicola valley traversed its confluent streams to their source. The Appalachicola is formed by the conjunction of the Chattahoochie and the Flint, the first of which up to West Point forms the state boundary line between Georgia and Alabama, and the second diverges northeasterly into the heart of Georgia. It was in the tongue of territory within this outline that the force of the storm was spent, and most of it is inaccessible to telegraph communication and details are hard to obtain.

From Henry county, Ala., around Abbeville, there come stories of death and wreck, but no names have been received. A family of five is reported killed near Geneva. A second disaster, that of floods, is now upon the country.

The rivers and creeks are swelling with the rainfall, which almost resembles a cloudburst. On both sides of the Chattahoochie south of this place the fields are overflowed, destroying all the winter work of preparation, carrying away outhouses and cabins, and floating off stock so that it can never be recovered.

Late last night news came in of the drowning of a family of eight persons on the Alabama side of the river in Henry county. Richard Manson, with his wife and six children, lived in a cabin on the river bank at the crossing of the Central railroad from Columbia. The water rushed in, surrounding the cabin. In vain efforts to extricate themselves all were lost.

THREE DROWNED IN THE FLOOD.

Wisconsin Farmer's Wagon Capsized in a Rapid Current.

LaCrosse, Wis., March 23.—The first fatality as a result of the floods in this section of the country occurred Sunday night in Lew's valley, a few miles from this place. Barnard Koch, a farmer living in the valley; his wife, and his brother-in-law, John Herman, were the victims. At the time of the accident the three were driving from the Koch farm, their destination being Leon, Monroe county. Two miles east of Bangor they encountered a rapid freshet caused by the rain and melting snow. Koch endeavored to turn, and in doing so the wagon capsized and the occupants were drowned. Their bodies have not yet been recovered. The country round about here is filled with such freshets as caused the death of the three mentioned above, but until this case no serious damage or loss of life had occurred.

Two Men Fataly Burned.

Huntington, Ind., March 23.—Fire at the town of Andrews, this county, destroyed four business blocks and one dwelling. Walter Reeves and James Olive were so badly burned that they can scarcely recover.

Nearly One Whole Lung Gone.

Kaukauna, Wis., March 23.—At the postmortem examination held on the body of the girl, Katie Duprey, who received a wound in the right lung from a bullet fired by the murderer, Porter Rose, about two weeks ago and who died Friday night, it was ascertained by Dr. Boyd, who conducted the examination at the request of District Attorney Bottensek, that the right lung through which the ball had entered her body was found almost entirely gone, only a few shreds of it remaining. The bullet was found embedded in her backbone.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

Reed's Vote for Speaker Is 199—Vetoed Bills All Reintroduced.

Washington, March 19.—Little was done in the senate yesterday. A number of bills were introduced; a resolution also, inquiring of the state department whether the west Indian islands of St. Croix, St. Johns and St. Thomas could be purchased and the probability of their purchase by any European power. In the executive session Morgan made a long speech against the arbitration treaty.

Washington, March 20.—The senate open session lasted fifty minutes yesterday and was given almost entirely to the introduction of bills. Burrows presented a petition from J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware, claiming the seat now occupied by Kenny. Governor Lord, of Oregon, also forwarded a memorial on the Oregon senatorial situation, showing that the legislature had not organized and that he had the right to appoint. Most of the day was spent in executive session. Adjourned to Monday.

The house adopted rules for the debate on the tariff bill, which begins Monday, the vote to be taken on the 31st. It then passed the sundry civil and general deficiency bills.

Washington, March 22.—The house Saturday pushed through the two remaining "left over" appropriation bills according to Friday's schedule, the agricultural bill carrying $3,182,902 and the Indian carrying $7,670,220. After the appropriation bills were passed a resolution for extra mileage and stationery for this session of congress was adopted.

Washington, March 23.—The senate yesterday adopted a resolution asking the president for information on the Ruis case in Cuba, received a few bills and reports and then went into executive session and adopted the committee amendments to the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. Hanna presented his first bill—for a public building at Cleveland.

In the house nothing was done during the day except to read the new tariff bill infull first and then debate it, speeches being made by Dingley, Wheeler of Alabama, Bell of Colorado and Hopkins of Illinois. At the night session four more speeches were made.

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS.

Two Indiana Men Given Positions That Are Gilt-Edged.

Washington, March 19.—The question of what John K. Gowdy and Perry Heath, of Indiana, get in the way of official recognition was answered yesterday by the president in the batch of nominations he sent to the senate. It was said during the weeks at Canton just before the inauguration that Perry Heath could have his choice and would select his heart's desire in the way of office. The nominations are as follows: John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, consul general of the United States at Paris; Perry S. Heath, of Indiana, to be first assistant postmaster general; Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico; William M. Osborne, of Massachusetts, consul general of the United States at London; Joseph H. Brigham, of Ohio, to be assistant secretary of agriculture.

Some More Offices Filled.

Washington, March 23.—The important positions in the departments are now being rapidly filled. The latest appointments are: Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, to be fourth assistant postmaster general; Binger Hermann, of Oregon, to be commissioner of the general land office; Ernest G. Timme, of Wisconsin, to be auditor for the state and other departments (fifth auditor). The senate has confirmed the following: Powell Clayton, to be minister to Mexico; W. M. Osborne, to be consul general at London; J. K. Gowdy, to be consul general at Paris.

Iowa Speaker Is Exonerated.

Des Moines, Ia., March 23.—The house committee to investigate the charge that Speaker Byers was, improperly influenced by a building and loan lobbyist in the appointment of committees last winter, reported yesterday completely exonerating Byers. O. B. Jackson, the lobbyist who wrote the letter claiming to have exerted influence in legislation by disbursing $2,400, is severely denounced for seeking to make people believe he has trafficked in the honor of members, so as to get money for himself. Evidence shows Byers did not know of influences alleged to have been brought to bear upon him.

General Harrison at Ann Arbor.

Indianapolis, March 23.—General Harrison has returned from Washington. A denial is authorized of the Washington reports that he made one request of President McKinley, and that was that he reappoint ex-Public Printer Palmer, of Illinois. Politics was not discussed, and General Harrison made no request in behalf of any one seeking office. It is understood that the ex-president has followed wihtout exception the unwritten code by which an ex-president makes no application in behalf of office-seekers. General Harrison went to Ann Arbor, Mich., last night. He will lecture there tonight.

Successor to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

Washington, March 19.—General Draper, of Massachusetts, may yet go to Havana as consul general, to succeed General Fitzhugh Lee. He admits that President McKinley has solicited him to accept the appointment, and while he is adverse to doing so, and has so expressed himself to the president, he does not feel like ignoring the president's wishes in the matter. This means that if he is pressed he will accept. In the event of his becoming General Lee's successor it is said to be the purpose of the president to allow Minister Taylor to remain at Madrid for the time being.

Danger from High Water Past.

Sioux City, Ia., March 23.—All danger from high water is past here for the present. The rivers are clear of ice and going down. The ice gorges up the Missouri river are not nearer than Vermillion. All trains have resumed business from here here except the Milwaukee, whose western and northern lines are badly crippled.

Postmasters' Tenure of Office.

Washington, March 23.—Postmasters at offices which have been raised from the fourth-class to the presidential during the last administration will have their four-year tenure of office date from the appointment prior to the change of class and consequent reappointment.

JUSTICE IS STERN.

5) IT IS FOUND BY PEARL BRYAN'S MURDERERS.

Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling Die on the Scaffold Fighting for Respite to the Last — Dead Men's Friends Now After Wood, Pearl's Cousin.

Newport, Ky., March 22.—The murder of Pearl Bryan fourteen months ago was avenged Saturday by a double hanging. Scott Jackson and Alonzo M. Walling were executed at 11:41 a. m. from the same scaffold. There was a double trap, but only one lever, and when Sheriff Jule Plummer pulled the lever both dropped. Walling, however, lingered a moment longer than Jackson. The neck of neither one was broken and both struggled hard in the process of strangulation. The arrangements were complete and the performance was so perfect that it was without any incident unusual on such occasions. Both men were nervy to the last, on the gallows protested their innocence, and died with their secrets, so that it may never be known what was done with the head of Pearl Bryan or where she lodged the two nights previous to her murder, or what part each took in the decapitation, or whether others are implicated.

The Latest False Confession.

There were over 300 within the inclosure to witness the hanging and many thousands around the jail yard, but the militia, special deputies and police maintained order. The execution was quickly dispatched, as neither had anything to say on the gallows except to declare his innocense, and Rev. J. A. Lee was brief in his services. There was, however, a long delay because Jackson and Walling continued their tactics of false confessions as long as possible. Sheriff Plummer intended to hang the men at 7 a. m., so as to avoid the great crowds that assembled later in the day. On account of the promises of a confession the execution was postponed till 8. a. m. and then to 9 a. m., when Jackson declared that Walling was not guilty. Then telegraphic communication was opened with Governor Bradley.

What Liars the Fellows Were!

Both men had been making confessions for some weeks and contradicting them the next day. Both of them repudiated all of their confessions before they died. When Governor Bradley and Sheriff Plummer finally pressed Jackson for details and definite information about Walling the former said he could not say on the eve of his death that the latter was innocent. Governor Bradley then ordered the sheriff to proceed, and when this announcement was made to the crowd there were cheers and marked demonstrations for the governor. The ingenuity of able counsel and friends had been used during the past week to influence the governor by false confessions and other adroit schemes to give Jackson more time and to modify the sentence of Walling, but Governor Bradley analyzed the case too closely for these plans to become operative.

Bryan Family Represented.

None of the members of the Bryan family from Greencastle, Ind., were present, but they were represented by Attorney Silas A. Hayes, who appeared for them in the prosecution. Fred Hayes, H. S. Renick, William A. Howe, A. A. Black and W. E. Starr, friends of the Bryan family, were also present. Soon after the execution the crowds left the streets surrounding the jail, but they did not leave until after the bodies of the men had been taken away. The remains of Walling were taken to his mother at Hamilton, O.

ANOTHER CHAPTER NOW OPENS.

Friends of the Dead Men Propose to Make Will Woods Suffer.

Cincinnati, March 22.—There is to be another chapter in the murder of Pearl Bryan. Since the execution of Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling the friends of these men have determined to prosecute William Wood, a cousin of Pearl Bryan, who was charged by Jackson with her seduction and getting Jackson and Walling o help him out of trouble. Among the effects of the dead men are letters from Wood asking Jackson for medicines, and afterwards to arrange for an abortion. These letters have been given to Postal Inspector Salmon who will present them to the district attorney at Indianapolis for use before the federay grand jury for the purpose of indicting and trying Wood for such use of the mails. Wood was indicted over a year ago on the charge of abetting an abortion. Wood has not been at his home in Greencastle, Ind., for months, and his present whereabouts is unknown. It is proposed to get the secret service of the government after him. The Bryan family also wants Wood prosecuted and has been pursuing him.

CRETANS ARE SIMPLY WAITING.

Blockade Begins, but the Turkish Troops Must Leave Crete.

London, March 22.—The situation in Crete may be described as one of expectancy. Yesterday morning the fact that the blockade had formally begun was communicated from Canea to all points in the island in the telegraphic circuit. A dispatch from Constantinople to The Daily Mail says the Greeks in all the islands of the Archiptelago are arming, drilling and preparing to revolt as soon as war is declared. A correspondent at Athens says that the necessity of removing the Turkish troops from the island becomes more and more imperative. Nothing else will convince the Cretans of Europe's sincerity.

It may be regarded as certain that they will even prevent the departure of the Greek army by force until the Turks have gone. There is no time to be lost. It is impossible that Greece and Turkey could long support the armies they have mobilized. Either may prefer provoking a struggle to seeing its troops starve.

Costly Fire at Ottumwa.

Ottumwa, Ia., March 22.—Last night fire started in a brick business block on Main street. The losses known are: Cullend & Co., dry goods, $50,000; Prugh & Co., china and dishes, $15,000; Donlan & Co., dry goods, $25,000; J. G. Meek, dry goods, $15,000; building, $60,000; office tenants, $50,000.

Victoria Woodhull Is a Widow.

London, March 22.—John Birdulph Martin, who married Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull, died on Saturday at Las Palmas, in the Canary islands.

DEATH IN THE FLOOD.

Man Drowned at Carmi, Ills.—General Review of the Situation.

Chicago, March 22.—The raging waters continue to roll on their work of ruin. Death rides on the flood, and the end is not in sight. Dams and levees are crushed aside, lives taken, crops swept away, stock drowned, homes and shelters crumbled, trees torn out by the roots, railroad tracks submerged, bridges go out in the torrents, and despair settles down with the uncontrollable waters. All this is in the country districts. In the towns the situation grows more alarming day by day. Illinois is suffering now. At Carmi Jacob Ziegler was drowned in the backwaters of the Little Wabash. The day before his mother was nearly drowned at the same spot. The neighbors saved her life.

The harvest of waters in the south is bad, but how appalling can only be guessed, as in most instances lives have been lost in out-of-the-way districts, where ignorance and terror exaggerate the disasters, and from whence information is unreliable and very hard to obtain. The Memphis people have made their city a haven of refuge for flood-stricken men, women and children. A committee is looking after the needs of the unfortunates who have lost homes and lands, and everything is being done to relieve their suffering and ease their minds.

Wisconsin towns are under water. In some cases factory fires are out and the city lighting plants submerged. Tales of peril and hardship and disastrous outlook come from Ripon, Plainfield and other cities. Iowa is suffering intensely. At Sioux City all the low land is submerged, and the Floyd river on a rampage. Every bridge on the Big Sioux between Sioux City and Hawarden has been swept out, and thousands of acres of farm lands along the river are under the torrent. The towns that are suffering the worst are Rock Valley, Charles City, Dubuque and Keokuk, reports from these places indicating that the worst is yet to come.

HARRY CRAWFORD'S RAILWAY.

His Employes Again Order a Strike and in Destitute Circumstances.

Anderson, Ind., March 23.—The employes of the Chicago and Southeastern (the old Indiana Midland) at this end of the line have gone out on a strike again and tied the road up tight. At this terminal there were forty-nine men at work. Forty-seven of these went out and have taken an oath not to return to work until the company pays them the six months' wages now in arrears. The "company" and the whole thing is Harry Crawford, of Chicago, and New York. The entire road was tied up three months ago and the men got one month's pay. It is likely the present strike will extend all along the line.

The condition of the workmen is pitiable. They have had but one pay day in six months. Their wages to begin with are very low. They have been given due bills, but these they have had to sell at 75 cents on the dollar. Three months ago brokers absolutely refused to touch them at 35 cents on the dollar. The workingmen's homes are bare and starvation is at hand. The line runs from Brasil to Anderson and does a very good business.

Frenchman's Slap at Bismarck.

London, March 22.—Considerable excitement has been created in the artistic world of Paris by the refusal of the hanging committee of the salon to accept a picture of Jean Weber, "First Sight." The picture represents the interior of a butcher shop, with a fine display of meat; but a close examination of the picture shows the butcher to be an allegorical Bismarck, and the carcasses exposed are human corpses and representative victims of the chancellor's ruthlessness.

Ireland Indorses the W. C. T. U.

Washington, March 23.—The appeal of the president of the Woman's Christian Tefperance Union to President McKinley and the governors of the states of the Union telegraphed from Chicago yesterday, asking for their intervention to prevent the kinetoscope reproduction of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight from being exhibited in the United States, is indorsed by Archbishop Ireland, who is in this city.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, March 22.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—March, opened 73¼c, closed 71½c; May, opened 74c, closed 72½c; July, opened 71½c, close 71c; September, opened 69¼c, closed 68¾c. Corn—March, opened nominal, close 23½c; May, opened 24⅝c, closed 24½c; July, opened 25¼c, closed 25⅝c; September, opened 26⅛c, closed 26⅜c. Oats—March opened nominal, closed 16⅝c; May, opened 17½c, closed 17⅛c; July, opened 18c, closed 18c. Pork—May, opened $8.80, closed $8.72½; July, opened $8.90, closed $8.85. Lard—May, opened $4.25, closed $4.20; July, opened $4.37½c, closed $4.30.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 18½c per lb; extra dairy, 17; fresh packstock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 10@13c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½@8c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 9@12; geese, 7@8½c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@24 per bu; Hebrons, 19@21c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.35 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@8c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@1.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Jersey, $2.00@3.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 22.

Estimated receipts of cattle, 17,000; market fairly active; prices for steers lower, cows and bulls steady. Receipts of hogs, 21,000; trade opened strong and 2½ cents higher for heavy, but only steady on light; ruled weak and finished lower. Packers sold from $3.50@$4.15; prime heavy and butchers, $4.15@4.25, and assorted light, $4.10@4.15. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 17,000; demand strong; sheep 5@10 cents higher; lambs firm.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, March 22.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 spring, 73c; No. 1 northern, 77½c; May, 73¾c. Corn—Firm and wanted; No. 3, 21½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 18½@19¼c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 31@31¼c; samples, 24@28c. Rye—Held firmly; No. 1, 34¼@34½c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, March 22.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 92c bid; track, 96½@98c; May, 89¼c; July, 72¾c asked. Corn—Weaker; No. 2 cash, 21¼c bid; May, 22¼c bid; July, 23⅜@23½c asked. Oats—Easy; No. 2 cash, 17½c bid; May, 18½c. Rye—Higher, 34½c track.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, March 22.

Wheat—Cash white, 89c; red cash, 90c; May, 91½c; July, 74c.

STATE LEGISLATURE

WHAT THE LAWMAKERS ARE DOING AT SPRINGFIELD.

Proceedings in the Senate and House Boiled Down—Bills and Resolutions Introduced and Other Matters of Interest to the People of the State.

Springfield, March 18.—In the senate yesterday the Humphrey street railway bills were read a second time and made special order for next Wednesday week. A bill was introduced providing that the practice of science osteopathy as taught in the American School of Osteopathy of Kirkville, Mo., be not a practice of medicine within the state of Illinois. Nominations were sent in and confirmed as follows: Live stock board—J. P. Lock, of Chicago; James H. Paddock, of Springfield; James R. Goddard, of Galesburg. Trustees of the School for Deaf and Dumb at Jacksonville—George W. Harper, of Robinson; Gates Strawn, of Jacksonville; J. R. Smith, of Taylorville. Trustees of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Quincy—W. O. Wright, for the term ending March 1, 1899; J. W. Nill, of Sterling.

The senate committee on licenses and miscellany have reported favorably on the anti-department store bill. In the house O'Donnell, of Bloomington, made a speech denying that he voted on the bill to consolidate the supreme court at Ottawa at the dictation of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The house passed the consolidation bill. At a senate caucus it was decided to seat Berry in the Manifold-Berry contest.

Springfield, March 19.—The governor sent to the senate yesterday the following appointments as trustees of the northern Illinois state normal school at DeKalb; Adam A. Goodrich, of Chicago; Isaac L. Ellwood, of DeKalb; W. C. Garrard, of Springfield; Charles M. Deere, of Moline. The senate took up the Manifold-Berry contest and the report of the majority of the committee was read, discussed and adopted, the minority report being defeated. The majority report gives Manifold $1,000 in lieu of his salary and appropriates $700 to each of the contestants for attorney fees and other expenses.

Lamonte introduced a measure in the house which if it becomes a law will make the publishing of a cartoon of a person libelous and punishable by fine and imprisonment or both. The senate bill authorizing the governor to borrow $250,000 for the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the state was advanced to third reading. No other business was done except the discussion of a few unimportant bills.

Springfield, Ills., March 20.—No business was transacted by the senate yesterday, as most of the members were at Champaign inspecting the state university. Adjourned to Tuesday. In the house a bill was introduced to prohibit the exhibition of kinetoscope views of prize fights. Another bill is to "regulate" boards of trade, and another is to prevent adulteration of food, drink or medicine. Another requires milk dealers to give bonds and otherwise regulates them.

Springfield, March 23.—No quorum being present the senate adjourned shortly after meeting yesterday without transacting any business. The house convened at 5 o'clock without a quorum. Among the petitions presented was one by Lamonte containing what purported to be a resolution adopted at a public meeting in Chicago praying the repeal of all laws prohibiting prize fighting, and the enactment of such legislation as will give proper encouragement to the prize ring. The balance of the session was devoted to reading house bills, all on the calendar being advanced to second reading.

PRISONERS ESCAPE AT JOLIET.

Three Noted Counterfeiters Saw the Bars That Confined Them.

Joliet, Ills., March 23.—Three federal prisoners, one of whom is one of the most noted and expert counterfeiters in the business, made their escape from the Will county jail here some time early yesterday morning. Although the officers are searching for them in every manner, and have telegraphed their descriptions to all neighboring cities, not the slightest clew of their whereabouts has as yet been obtained. The fugitives are: James Foley, John Albert Skoog and Jacob Johnson—all counterfeiters.

Although it is supposed that the escape was made shortly after midnight, the fact that the three men were gone was not discovered until after 7 o'clock yesterday morning, when two expressmen, whose stand was near by the jail, noticed that the bars had been sawed from one of the windows and called the attention of the turnkey, Albert Hodge, to the fact.

Fire Nearly Catches Twenty Persons.

Peoria, Ills., March 22.—Shortly before 3 o'clock yesterday morning the Conigsky block on North Adams street was discovered in flames and some twenty people who occupied the second and third floors were rescued with much difficulty. The building was practically destroyed with all its contents, while the Murphy block adjoining on the north, and the Farrell block on the south, were both badly damaged. Loss, $35,000; insurance, $45,000.

Death of an Illinois Journalist.

Springfield, Ills., March 22.—William M. Glenn was found dead in bed. He had been dead for some hours. Glenn was widely known as a newspaper correspondent, and for several sessions of the legislature had been in charge of the Associated Press bureau at the state capital.

State Notes.

The Chicago council has increased the salary of the mayor to $10,000 per annum.

Mrs. Clara Maxwell, wife of Joe Maxwell, a well-to-do farmer living four miles west of Fairbury, Ills., committed suicide. Invalid and despondent.

Charles Whitney, of Waukegan, Ills., is to be pushed for the United States district attorneyship of northern Illinois.

The trustees of the Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Quincy, have appointed William Somerville, of Quincy, superintendent of the home.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has declared a general boycott, effective April 1, on all beer brewed in Chicago unless the local and Milwaukee Brewers' association agree to "unionize" all the Chicago breweries and use union-made barrels and kegs exculsively.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, March 17.

Mary Anderson De Navarro has sold for about $61,000 her house at 31 West Thirty-eight: street, New York, a four-story brownstone dwelling.

Judge Colt in the United States circuit court at Boston ordered the public sale of the Atlas Tack corporation, known as the tack trust, which is in the hands of a receiver.

Three negroes, Jim George, Jim Miley and Otis Miller, were taken from the sheriff at Tallahassee, Fla., by fifty armed men, strung up to trees and their bodies riddled with bullets.

The attorneys for Mrs. Craven, who claims to be the "contract widow" of ex-Senator James G. Fair, has filed in the San Francisco superior court the original pencil deeds to property valued at $2,000,000 conveyed by Fair to Mrs. Craven.

Specials from Bismarck and other western North Dakota points state that the snow is rapidly melting under chinook winds.

The Princess Chimay will make her debut at Berlin April 1 in a variety performance at the Winter garden.

Thursday, March 18.

Mrs. Blanche McInery, a trained nurse at Chicago, thought Willard McPherson, an attorney, was not paying her the attention a lover should, and she sought out his office and fired a shot at him. He was not hit.

Frederick Franks, at Philadelphia, shot and killed his son, William, aged 9 years, shot and badly wounded his daughter Amelia, 5 years old, and then killed himself.

Sanford Marttson, 3 years old, was run over and killed by an express wagon at Chicago. He was playing in the street near his home.

Ella Burden, aged 11, heiress to $100,000, has been missing from her home at St. Louis since Monday, and it is feared that she has been abducted and is being held for ransom.

Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, according to a New York dispatch, is shortly to be married to a prominent and wealthy social lion of London.

Obituary: At London, Sir Edward Ebenezer Kay, 75. At Rome, Sig. Grimaldi, the Italian statesman and ex-cabinet minister.

Friday, March 19.

Herman Moses died at his home in Chicago as the result of jumping from an upper rear window. The police believe it a case of suicide. Moses was 53 years old and leaves a widow and three sons.

Igancio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, who was said to be the oldest man in the United States, died at Los Angeles, Cal., aged 117.

A tray containing about $3,500 worth of diamond rings was stolen from the jewelry store of I. Dornberg, situated on a popular Spokane thoroughfare and at a time when the sidewalks were lined with pedestrians.

The New York Mail and Express has been sold to Robert C. Alexander and Robert E. R. Dorr, who have been editors and publishers of the paper for several yearr.

A young woman who committed suicide in Mrs. Van Ness' boarding house, Chicago, was identified as Martha Strasszacher, daughter of A. C. H. Strasszacher, of St. Louis.

Saturday, March 20.

Two more naval vessels were launched at San Francisco. They were the gunboats Marietta and Wheeling, twin screw boats of 1,000 tons each, whose keels were laid last April.

Benjamin Emerson, Chicago's first milkman, was buried Thursday afternoon from his home at Northfield.

The Sovereign camp of Woodmen of the World, now in session at St. Louis, has donated $200 for the relief of flood sufferers at Memphis.

Wreckage marked "Utrecht" has been washed ashore near Grest, France, and it is feared that the Dutch steamer of that name has foundered.

Frank E. Thompson and Colonel Robert Eastham had a shooting affray at Cumberland, Md., and both were so badly injured that they may die.

Collis P. Huntington has offered $1,000,000 for the Galveston, Topeka and Houston roadway. The offer has been accepted.

There is a probability that there will be an alliance of the dispensing druggists of the United States and Canada.

Monday, March 22.

And now Governor Pingree is thinking that he will resign the governorship and hold on to the Detroit mayoralty.

The Christian Herald, New York, has sent to missionaries in India $30,000, which will be used in the purchasing of food for starving plague victims.

Because R. L. Short jilted a girl of that place for another woman, the feminine voters of Kansas City, Kan., snowed him under when he ran for mayor, although ordinarily his nomination would have been equivalent to an election.

A number of silver members of both senate and house will give a dinner to ex-Senator Dubois tomorrow evening as a compliment to him for his labors for silver.

Rotary snow plows are being used with some success in throwing water off the railway tracks in South Dakota.

The largest diamond in the world has arrived in London from Kimberly, South Africa. It is said to be worh $2,500,000 uncut.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

A SOLDIER OF TRUTH.

A VETERAN'S VALUABLE ADDITION TO WAR LITERATURE.

How an Odd Signal Agreed Upon by Brothers, Who Were on Opposite Sides, Was Finally Used—A Mystery the Old Soldier Didn't Try to Explain.

As the reporter was rapidly hurrying past the door of a saloon he was met by an old soldier, who suggestively tipped his hat.

"If you will tell me a story," remarked the reporter, accepting the tip, "I'll pay for the potations. I have a thirst for a story; you have a thirst for a drink. Let us exchange."

The veteran was quick to respond, as the parched soil responds to the grateful rain, and, opening the door, he bowed the reporter in and escorted him to a table in a quiet corner, where presently the potables were served.

"I don't think I could have earned what I am now so greatly and gratefully enjoying," said the veteran, with a glowing cheek, as he set down his glass, after a long swallow, "had it not been that today I met an old comrade from Kentucky, a state, you will remember, which had soldiers in both armies, and good soldiers, I may add. This man, who is now a merchant and comes to New York to buy goods every year, was in the Federal army, and he had a nephew in the same regiment with himself and another in the Confederate army. The young chaps were brothers, and they were mighty fond of each other, but they were fonder of their principles or patriotism or politics, or whatever you may call it, so they agreed to disagree, and each one go to the side he thought was the right side.

"It was a sad parting, for they had been closer together than most brothers, and before they separated they fixed up a kind of signal to identify themselves by, so that if one was wounded and left on the field he could notify the other if it happened they were on the opposite sides in that particular fight. It was a boyish kind of a lottery chance of one in a million, but it suited them, and that's all they cared for. The signal arrangement was to be a light chain with a note fastened to it, and the whole thing was to be fastened to the bullet and dropped into the old muskets they had in those days. This was to be fired at random up into the air to fall among the soldiers of the opposite side to be picked up as it might and taken to the man whose address was in the note, along with other instructions to be followed out by the brother who might be in condition to do it. You can see how childish and almost impossible it was, but there was just that chance in it that made it attractive to the boys, and they told each other goodby and went their ways, the one to the north, the other to the south, each bearing with him his chain and note of identification attached to the bit of lead that some day might bear on its wings the message of death."

The veteran was becoming poetic and pathetic, and the reporter suggested a refilling of the glasses, and the suggestion met with immediate and pleased approval.

"For the first two years," continued the veteran, "the boys hadn't any occasion to use their signals, for they had gone through unscathed, and, besides, they were serving in sections of the country widely separated, but in 1863, in the fall, they were with the armies fighting through Tennessee, though they had lost track of each other except in a general way.

"Just what they knew of each other's whereabouts I don't know, but one night in November there was a skirmish somewhere in the neighborhood of Knoxville, in which 500 or 600 men on a side were engaged, without result, and both sides had settled down for the night to wait and fight it out by daylight. There were a lot of wounded men, and dead ones, too, for that matter, scattered through the woods, where most of the fighting had been. There was a cornfield about a quarter of a mile wide separating the woods, and there had been some scrapping in this open ground, though most of the fighting had been done from cover, as these small skirmish line fights generally are.

"I was corporal of the guard that night, and by 6 o'clock there was only an occasional shot, as if each side was quitting reluctantly and by inches. I am not positive, but it seems to me that I heard the last two shots before stillness settled over all. What the details of the romance, or the tragedy, or whatever you want to call it, are I don't know. I know, though, that during the night we had re-enforcements, and when we began to cautiously peep around, as soon as the day began to break, we discovered that the enemy had by some hook or crook taken alarm and departed in the night, leaving their dead on the field, and among them, when we sent out our burying party, we found one of those boys with a bullet through his lung and another, bearing a chain and a note, buried in his brain. On our side we found the other nephew with both legs broken by a ball and a bullet through his heart, with a chain and note attached to it."

The reporter threw up his hands in amazement, not to say doubt.

"I don't try to explain it," the veteran hastened to say apologetically. "I know it is hard to explain. It is even hard to believe, but what is a man to do or to say when he sees such things with his own eyes?"—New York Sun.

In the Louvre, at Paris, there is an interesting old vase of Etruscan manufacture, whose age is computed at about 2,500 years. It is interesting as bearing a group of children in relief who are engaged in blowing soap bubbles from pipes.

At Lofoten fisheries last year final returns were 38,600,000 codfish, 11,000 hectoliters of liver, 42,000 hectoliters of fish roe and 12,300 hectoliters of medicinal steam refined cod liver oil.

JAPANESE MOTHERS.

They Thoroughly Understand the Tender Care of Children.

It sometimes happens that one sees a young American mother so utterly unfit for the training of children and for the duties of motherhood that one cannot but wonder why it pleased Providence ever to give her the care of little ones. This happens sometimes in the case of really estimable women, and I have heard a young mother say sadly that she never quite knew what to do with baby, it was such a queer little thing, and she was half afraid to touch it. Other young things in the shape of puppies, kittens, or even colts, she knew all about and was quite at home with, but her own child remained a sort of curious and uncanny little being to her till his baby days were over and he began to share in his mother's hobbies in a boyish sort of way.

Now, in Japan a mother like this is an impossibility. She is not interested in politics or in social reforms, neither is she bent on being a social success, nor devoted to any scientific philanthropic work, as are so many of her western sisters. She is par excellence a mother, and one who cannot be rivaled in any other country. No children are so well and carefully tended as hers, and she is patient and gentle with them, never threatening them, if they are unruly, with corporal punishment, nor raising her voice and scolding them in the unpleasant way one so often hears in other countries. The Japanese mother is a born kindergaertnerin and enters into the lives of her little ones just as easily as the western kindergarten teacher who has undergone a long period of study and training. To her the duties of motherhood come naturally, for among her nation women who will make good mothers are chosen as wives, and thus in the course of nature the quality of motherliness is intensified as time goes on, and the race of mothers becomes very superior.

Nowhere is motherhood as respected as in Japan, and nowhere does the mother receive more attention from both her husband and her children. She is regarded as the maker of the race, and her maternal duties are considered to be exceedingly honorable and to entitle her to the utmost consideration and affection.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ONE OF THE MEAN ONES.

Might Have Been Mean Enough to Have Stolen His Inheritance.

Four or five preachers, at a preachers' meeting, or, rather, after the meeting was over, were discussing some of the peculiar people they had been brought into contact with during their various pastorates.

"The very meanest man I ever knew," said a pastor, whose nasal twang betrayed his Yankee origin, "was a married man, though, as a rule, the really meanest men are bachelors for obvious reasons.

"This party was fairly well to do and expected to be enriched by the death of an old uncle to the extent of at least $100,000. He was a man of about 45 and was, on the surface, an extremely pious kind of a man, with strict ideas of biblical interpretations. At this time the rich old uncle—a millionaire, by the way—was approaching the scriptural limit of human existence—three score and ten—and his pious nephew had begun to figure on what he was going to do with his share of the old man's fortune. The latter, however, did not hold to scriptural interpretations, but held on until he was 91 years old. Then he departed, and as per expectation, when the estate was settled up the pious nephew received $100,000, more or less.

"He ought to have been satisfied, of course, but he wasn't, and after mouthing around about his hard luck, he finally capped the climax by suing the trustees of the residue of the estate, which had been willed to charity, for the interest on $100,000 at 6 per cent for the time that elapsed between the three score and ten limit and the date of the death of his uncle, a period of 21 years 8 months, the whole amount of interest being $127,500. He even went so far as to swear that 6 per cent was too low, and that he could have got 8 right along for the whole time if the old man had died when the Bible said he ought to die. Being in the family, however, he was willing to discount the rate of interest 25 per cent. Now, did you ever hear of anything worse than that?"

And not a man there did.—Washington Star.

Our Society Leaders.

Society in Europe has a certain restricted meaning which enables one to picture to himself what "in society" means. It is not necessarily a brilliant distinction, but it is at least a sufficiently intelligible definition. But here "society leader" and "clubman" may mean something or nothing, as the case may be. Here again democracy exaggerates the very sentiments and positions it is supposed to ignore. Every woman with two changes of headgear is a "society woman," and every man with a top hat and two pairs of trousers is a "clubman." One hears, too, more talk about "old families" here than anywhere else. Why it is I know not, unless it be because they secretly feel that they are all so new. — "America and Americans From a French Point of View."

A Brand From the Burning.

After the German invasion an officer of the Turkos could not settle down into civic life, but went off to Africa on an exploring expedition. In one of the native villages on the Niger he saw an intelligent, bright looking lad tied up, and on inquiry found that he was being fattened for a feast which was in contemplation in which he was to appear roasted. He bought the lad for a case of Old Tom gin and brought him back to Paris, where he was sent to school, astonishing everybody by his capacity. He has just died in that city, closing a history in which his rescue shines as the most memorable incident.

THREATENED CRISIS.

DIPLOMACY AVERTS INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS.

How a Negro Justice of the Peace Held a British Vessel With a Writ of "Ne Exeat Republicum"—The Writ Was Dissolved In Liquor and a Laugh Went Around.

During the reign of the carpetbaggers in Georgia a very black but brainy old negro named Tunis G. Campbell came down from the north and became one of the leaders of his race.

In the course of time Campbell was made a justice of the peace at the port of Darien. Then the trouble began in earnest.

Justice Campbell had no use for the whites because he knew that they cordially hated him.

But he did not confine his animosity to Georgians or to Democrats. He employed a number of negro constables, authorized them to carry weapons, and in a short time made his court a terror to the community.

So much by way of introduction. One summer a British sailing vessel came to Darien and took on a cargo of naval stores. Before getting ready to sail the captain settled everything due from him and his crew—that is, everything in the way of a just account. He secured his papers, when several negro traders of the lowest class unexpectedly put in claims for goods that had never been purchased.

These cormorants alleged that the captain and his sailors were indebted to them for meals, merchandise, lodging and other things.

It was evident that these claims were fraudulent, and the captain continued his preparations for his departure.

The afternoon he was to weigh anchor Justice Campbell held a consultation with a shyster lawyer.

"I want to hold that —— foreigner here," said Campbell, "until he settles these bills!"

"In England," replied the lawyer, "when you want to prevent people from leaving the country, you issue a writ of ne exeat regnum."

Justice Campbell came near falling to the floor.

"Just say that again," he said excitedly.

"A writ of no exeat regnum."

"I see—I see," said Campbell. "Well, I want you to draw up one and keep that fellow here."

The shyster's resources were limited, and he explained to his friend that regnum meant kingdom, and as this country was a republic there would have to be a change in the verbiage.

"Change it," commanded the black justice.

The lawyer then admitted that he knew very little Latin, and for that reason was somewhat embarrassed.

"This is a republic," he said.

"All right," was the prompt reply of Campbell. "Draw up a writ of ne exeat republicum."

"I am afraid it is bad Latin," objected the lawyer.

"I'll make it stick," answered the justice. "I'll sign the paper and swear in six special constables to enforce it."

This was enough, and the lawyer proceeded to draw up the most remarkable document ever seen in America.

The writ covered 20 pages of foolscap and ordered the Englishman, under the severest pains and penalties, to remain with his ship at Darien until he settled all claims.

It was a sultry August afternoon, and the vessel was about ready to depart, when it was boarded by Justice Campbell and six negro constables armed with guns.

The justice read the writ to the captain, and after informing him that the constables would remain until the matter was adjusted the judicial tyrant went ashore again.

The captain retired to the cabin with the mate and talked it over.

Finally a plan of action was agreed upon, and when the ship's officers reappeared they were apparently in a good humor. They told the constables that they were welcome as the representatives of the law and requested them to enjoy the freedom of the vessel.

The constables were overwhelmed with tobacco and cigars and an occasional dram until their suspicions vanished.

Then the captain and his crew displayed still more hospitality, and the bottle was freely passed around.

At midnight six negro constables were in a drunken slumber, the effect of their drugged liquor, and the captain and his men were wide awake and perfectly sober.

The blacks were carefully deposited in a boat and set adrift in the harbor, and then the British sloop quietly weighed anchor and left the port at an hour when Justice Campbell was dreaming of his new and wonderful writ of ne exeat republicum.

The constables were picked up next day and sent to jail for neglect of duty, but the vessel was then beyond reach.

The British captain went straight to Savannah, where he laid his case before his consul and demanded an apology and an indemnity from the United States government.

The consul found it difficult to keep his face straight when he heard the story.

"It is an outrage," he said to the captain, "but it is a peculiar one and of a ludicrous nature. If I were you, I would not hold a friendly government responsible for the conduct of a few ignorant persons, who have not been free long enough to know their own rights and respect the rights of others.

It required a good deal of talk to appease the Englishman, but after he had been wined and dined by the merchants and had told his story a score of times, amid roars of laughter, he began to regard the affair as a good joke and agreed to let it drop.

And thus ended what threatened to be a serious international complication. —Chicago Times-Herald.

HARPOONING TARPON.

A Royal Sport That Appeals to Both Hunters and Fishers.

A writer for Outing tells about the sport of striking tarpon.

"For this," he says, "one uses a barbed iron called 'grains' or a short, light harpoon known as a 'lily iron,' either of which is temporarily attached to a light pine pole, the striking pole, and is cast as a spear might be.

"The grains is a double pronged wrought iron instrument, the prongs usually not more than 3 or 4 inches in length, and from three-sixteenths to three-eighths of an inch thick. Strong barbs are sprung an inch from the delicately sharp, hardened points, having a spread of three-eighths of an inch and about 1½ inches space between the two. The prongs are cut so that the points, while extending inward, are raised from opposing sides. This gives the greatest holding power. The grains has also a tapered socket for the striking pole. The lily iron is a far heavier instrument, and, unlike the grains, is capable of killing at a blow. The upper sides of the barbs are left broad and flat, enabling them to withstand a strain of several hundred pounds. A heavier and sharper weapon is used to strike swordfish or porpoises, as the former are dangerous creatures, unless hit mortally. Then there are necessary 300 or 400 feet of soft 'striking line,' three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and one of the ordinary fishing boats of the Florida coast and a guide.

"On approaching the tarpon run the sails and mast are stowed, and the guide uses a pole in the shallow water and sculls in the channel. A fish being seen, the striker indicates its direction, and, standing in the bow with widely spread legs, leaning well back, with poised spear, the man waits till he is within 20 feet, unless he is unusually powerful, then hurls the weapon, which shoots with a hiss into the water.

"The fish is anywhere from two to three feet beneath the surface of the water, changing its position constantly, and, because of the refraction, seemingly anywhere but where it really is. A successful throw buries the points in the flesh, and the pole comes loose and floats to the surface, to be picked up when the tarpon makes its first rush. It is best to let the tarpon go without trying to stop it on the first rush, as the barbs may fall out. When the rush is over, the boat is run toward the fish. Then out of the water it goes, not with the grace and head shaking of a hooked tarpon, but with a rush and surge. Then it tows the boat, if the fish is a 100 or 150 pounder, at a rapid rate. Sometimes the fish sulks and leaps, darting at the boat to scrape the grains out of its flesh. It takes about half as long to kill a tarpon with a spear as with a hook, but it is a fiercer fight while it lasts."

THE FIRST DIRECTORY.

Some Quaint Olden Time New York Business and Social Addresses.

In the first directory of New York city, which was issued in 1786, there are some peculiar and quaint entries. For instance, in those days it was not uncommon for medical practitioners to sell drugs, as is shown by the following address, "Samuel Bredhurst, physican and apothecary, 64 Queen (now Pearl) street."

Clergymen of that period were exceedingly precise regarding their titles. Thus, "Abraham Bache, reverend of the Church of England, 29 Smith street," and "Joze Phelan, clergyman of the Church of Rome, 1 Beekman street."

Leon Rogers, tailor, of 55 Broadway, was described as a "breeches maker;" John Bean, 60 Broadway, as "surgeon and tooth puller;" S. Crygier, 69 Cherry street, "punch and porter house;" Jo Deleplane of 132 Queen street, "Quaker speaker;" D. Hitchcock, 89 Queen street, "house carpenter and undertaker;" John Hogland, 95 Queen street, "fiddler, etc.;" Henry H. Kip, 25 King street, "inspector of pot and pearl ashes;" John Nitchie, 7 Garden street, "starch and hair powder maker;" Samuel B. Webb, 29 Lower Dock street, "gentleman."

In those days, too, there were a great many "gentlewomen" and a few "washwomen." All teachers were then addressed either as "schoolmasters" or "schoolmistresses." The retail dealers on Broadway and Wall and Queen streets called themselves "shopkeepers," the hotel men were "tavern keepers," and the policemen were "watchmen."—New York Post.

Where She Couldn't Go.

The spinster on the platform grew more vehement. She drank two glasses of water from the big white pitcher and pounded the table until the display of glass and crockery ware leaped again.

"I thank heaven," she cried, "that I am free from all matrimonial chains! What use have I for a husband? I want neither a slave nor a tyrant. I am free—free as air. I can go and come as I please. No door is shut to me; no assembly bars me out. Is there a solitary gathering to which I may not have free and unrestrained access?"

"Yes," cried a shrill voice in the rear of the hall.

"And what is it?" sternly demanded the spinster.

"The convention of mothers!" shrieked the voice.

Then the orator turned pale and went and sat down.—Washington Star.

Keeping His Chords In Tune.

"I saw that German tenor drink about two gallons of beer last night."

"Nothing strange about that," replied the manager. "He is determined that his voice shall not lose its rich liquid quality."—Detroit Free Press.

In winter when you see the wild geese flying south, according to New England weather lore, expect cold weather. They fly south because the ponds to the north are frozen over. When the geese are seen flying north, warm weather is to be expected.

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ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

NATURE AS AN ARTIST.

Stone Formations on Which Were Found Some Wonderful Pictures.

Pliny, a well known writer of about the time of Christ, mentions having seen an agate the lines and markings of which formed a perfect picture of Apollo and the nine muses. Pliny says that the little children recognized it on sight. In this wonderful natural picture, as well as the artificial drawings, Apollo was represented seated in the midst of the muses, harp in hand.

Majolus, another writer of high standing, saw an agate in the collection of a jeweler at Venice which, when polished, showed a perfect picture of a shepherd with a crook in hand and cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders.

In the church of St. John, at Pisa, Italy, there is a piece of stone heavily marked with red, blue and yellow spar, the lines representing an old man with heavy white beard, with a bell in his hand, seated beside a small stream. To the worshipers at St. John's it is known as the St. Anthony stone, the picture upon it being a perfect likeness of that saint, even to the minor details of tunic and bell.

In 1605 some quarrymen in Italy burst open a slab of marble, both sides of which contained an image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel. Everything was true to nature—a single exception, the saint had only been provided with one leg and foot. How, when or upon what pretext the Turks were allowed to gain possession of the wonderful relic the writer's authority fails to state. It only adds that the miraculous production is now in the temple of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Directly after the great Johnstown flood D. S. Wingrove, superintendent of the marble yard at the penitentiary at Baltimore, found a slab of marble with lines and veins which made a perfect picture of the fated city of Johnstown and the surrounding country. The sky is plainly marked, as are also the hills and mountains surrounding the town. Piles upon piles of ruins are marked, with an occasional steeple or toppling wall overhanging the scene of awful destruction. Taken all in all, the scientists consider it one of the most wonderful natural formations ever found in America.—Brooklyn Eagle.

EVE ETERNALLY CONFUSED.

An Ohio Picture of Human Nature With Worldwide Point.

As a Cedar motor and trailer approached Wilson avenue recently a woman was noticed dodging about the middle of the street. She was evidently hesitating as to which way to go, but finally crossed to the south track and stood there.

"Cross over to the other side!" roared a group of men on the corner.

"Look out for the car!" screamed a woman on the sidewalk.

The motorman clanged his bell and shouted, and the woman dodged out of harm's way. Then, as the train slowed down, she trotted alongside of the trailer.

"Here, where are you?" shouted the conductor.

In answer to the appeal the woman suddenly appeared around the rear of the trailer and put one foot on the step. Then she changed her mind and trotted to the front end of the car. Here she climbed up and came in the front door. The conductor snapped the bell, and the train started suddenly, tumbling the newcomer on to a fat man. As she straightened up she said:

"This car is going to Fairmount street, isn't it?"

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor, "it's going right the other way."

"There, I just thought it was!" cried the woman. "But you all yelled at me so that I got confused. I don't want to go on this car. Let me off."

So the conductor let her off at the next stopping place, and the last the passengers saw of her she was standing on the wrong side of the street waiting for an eastward bound car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Testing Coal.

An apparatus by which an engineer may test or determine the quality and adaption of the coal he receives is described in the Boston Journal of Commerce. The test is not intended to be an analysis, but principally to show the amount of fixed carbon in the coal and the percentage of ash. As each carload is received samples are taken from 20 or more parts of the car, thoroughly mixed and quartered, each quarter being also mixed and quartered until the sample is obtained. This sample is then carefully weighed, the volatile matter driven off, weighed again, and the carbon consumed, and the ash weighed. This estimate is important in guarding against the use of coal having an undue percentage of ash. The various coals differ in the percentage of ash which they contain, some Cumberland coals having from 12 to 14 per cent of ash, while a good New river will have as low as 3 or 4 per cent. Thus, though the coals may look alike to the average engineer, the heat value characterizing them is 10 per cent greater in one description than the other, and, ascertaining this, an important saving in the cost of fuel may result.

Arnold's Comment.

As school inspector Matthew Arnold was examining a class in geography one day, and, holding up the poker with which he was about to stir the fire, he asked if any child could tell him where it was manufactured. There was a long silence, broken by the schoolmistress, who remarked nervously that such information was not mentioned in Cornwell's geography. "No," said Arnold; "Cornwell's an ass!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A SMOKESTACK PROBLEM.

Many Schemes That Failed Before the High Chimney Was Painted.

At the cement works on the west shore of Hempstead harbor there is a smokestack 123 feet high and 3 feet in diameter which has long needed painting. The manager thought the time had come to dispose of the job. Two of the foremen, the shovel engineer and a young carpenter set their wits to work to contrive a way of getting a rope up through the pipe's interior and down on the outside so that an apparatus could be rigged to hoist the painter.

One of the Italians suggested letting a pigeon loose to fly up inside of the stack, but this solved only half the problem. Another workman suggested a small balloon. The first one to formulate what seemed a feasible plan was the head foreman, who fastened 10 feet of small brass chain to a rocket, and to that a cord, and then sent them skylarking through the pipe. As a spectacle it was fine, but the heat from the powder burned off the chain, and the string was left at its starting point. Then the younger foreman tried. He had made a kite having two strings, one of which went through a pulley attached near the kite, which had a small iron weight fastened to its upper end, the intention being to fly the kite until it was directly over the smokestack, and then lower the weight down into the interior.

The kite worked beautifully until it was time for it to be useful, when it turned a somersault, tangling itself in the pulley tackle, and the whole thing came to grief. Then the carpenter began to talk. He, too, remembered boyish pastimes and believed they could be turned to account. His idea was to ascend the cable tower, 90 feet distant and 130 feet high, and from this position throw into the smokestack a weight tied to a string. The wind was blowing a gale, but this did not discourage the [illegible] ascended the tower for performance No. 2.

To throw a two pound weight fastened to a string was no easy matter, and it was exceedingly difficult to keep a foothold on the tower. After three trials, however, the weight fell as planned, save that the string broke. Later the carpenter tried again, casting the weight four times before it entered the stack.

When the rigging to hoist the painter was in order, there was a call for volunteers, but only one man responded. He was the shovel engineer, Will Snyder, from Chicago. He has had an experience in work in high places, for whenever the steel cable, 140 feet above the ground, needs tarring Snyder gets a paint pot, swings himself astride the framework of the traveler and paints the cable as the traveler goes back and forth on its regular business.

Several of the men employed at the cement works seem to be born acrobats, and they work far up in the air as easily as on the ground, so that when repairs are needed on the towers or cables and cool, level headed men must be had there has never been any necessity to go outside of the regular force.—New York Sun.

The Way They Did It.

Chauncey M. Depew says that he has had personal experience in seeking office—not for himself, however, but for others—from every Republican president. He says that Mr. Lincoln would always listen attentively to what he had to say and then tell a funny story. On his way back to the hotel he would think over the story, and finally see that it landed his candidate way out of sight.

General Grant always received an application for office as toasts to the memory of Washington are drunk—standing and in silence.

President Hayes listened for awhile, then broke out into lamentations that the attention of the president of the United States should be diverted from the great affairs of state to distribute patronage. Then he would make a memorandum in a little red book, which was to remind him not to do it.

General Garfield would put his arm around your neck, tell you how much he loved you and then forget what you had asked of him.

President Arthur would listen with polite attention to all you had to say, then refer you to some man in New York whom you were never able to find.

President Harrison would sink down into his chair until you had presented the claims of your candidate and then change the subject.

President McKinley's methods have not been developed.—Chicago Record.

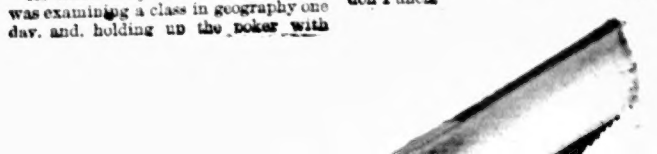
No Better, Evidently.

Nephew—Hello, uncle! How's the gout?

Uncle—How's the gout? Confound you! What's that infernal thing round your neck?

Nephew—Er—er—only my collar, sir, I believe.

Uncle—Bah! You look like a donkey looking over a whitewashed wall.—London Punch.



THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, MARCH 27, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. E. S. Willard.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cherry Pickers."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"In Gay New York."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Evans and Hoey in "A Parlor Match."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"A Western Mephisto."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock:"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A RAMPANT RABBI.

There are "Anglo-Saxons" and Anglo-Saxons. We have heard uninformed Americans, Irishmen and Scotchmen describing themselves as such, but when it comes to a Jewish "Anglo-Saxon" we pass. A Hebrew gentleman of New York city, who signs himself "H. Pereira Mendes, Rabbi Shearith Israel" came out in the New York Journal of Sunday, March 14, in denunciation of Judge Lynn's speech against the Arbitration Treaty on the preceding night The reverend Rabbi's letter, or article, is a curiosity in its way, and reveals an obliquity of mental vision very amusing. In the course of his remarks this poor Rabbi says:

"When we look at America, we prefer to look rather at her virtues and be charitable to her vices. Let us look more at what England has done for the world and for us especially, and less at her faults! Speak not of 1812! What is 1812 compared with 1215, when England from the field of Runnymede taught the world that the people is king, and gave to the world the war-cry of the Anglo-Saxon races, the watchword "Liberty." Speak not of 1815. Speak rather of 1360, and the scores of years that followed, when the Englishman, Wicklif, began the fight which gained the victory for liberty in religious thought. What has England done, do you ask? It was England who struck the blow on the block with her mighty axe in 1649, and whose children, the Puritans, then wrote their first sentence in their wonderful chapter in the history of the world. Those Puritans, how much our United States owes them! The echo of that axe-stroke waked the nations. The arm and heart that helped her to wield that axe helped her to win little more than half a century later, an Oudendarde and a Ramillies, a Blenheim and a Malplaquet by which Europe was the gainer, as later she brought Napoleon to the dust, he who would have yoked Europe to the juggernaut of his ambition!

"Think what France, what Europe, what the world would be today if England had not fought France with the swords of Marlborough and of Wellington, as centuries before she fought priest chains with the words of Wicklif and the energy of Henry! Speak not of France and her assistance to us in our moment of need when this, our nation, was born. It was not because she loved us. It was because she loved more to see England humiliated and England weakened. Think, also, how that England fought the blood lust of French revolution, blood lust most unholy! Think, I say again, how she bridled Napoleon's aims and rescued Europe then! Do not we, does not the world, owe someting to her for this? What if we did arise in 1776 in the sacred name of liberty? Who taught us to speak that word? It was England—

Mother England, one in faith,
In language, ancestry, in common much,
Of history and heritage from pens
Which have immortalized the English tongue!

"Shame, crimson shame, upon our flag if we hesitate to make the voice of America heard, and heard on the side of peace and good-will. O manliness! O religion! Are these crushed in American hearts beneath the pressure of unworthy, and selfish thoughts?"

"Speak not of 1812!" Of course not, Rabbi, because the very name of that year is an indictment of England before mankind. 1812 offends the ears of flunkeys of the calibre of the Rev. Mendes, who, we suppose, is an English-born Jew. "What is 1812 compared with 1215?" In 1812, at the mouth of the cannon, America compelled England to renounce the "right" of searching American vessels on the high seas and compelling American sailors to enter her loathsome service. In 1215 the Norman, not the Anglo-Saxon, barons, Herr Rabbi, wrung Magna Charta from King John—a monarch by all Hebrews remembered with abhorrence, because of his gentle custom of compelling Jewish merchants and capitalists to reveal the hiding places of their wealth by pulling out their teeth one by one until they obeyed. Hence the phrase "In spite of his teeth." The Anglo-Saxons at that period, Rabbi, were wearing brass collars around their necks, like dogs of the present day, to indicate which Norman lord they belonged to. It is absurd to say that "the Anglo-Saxon races," which never existed except in the inventive imagination of lying "historians," received "liberty" from the "people," which were not "King," but wearing brass collars as aforesaid. We never heard until now that the great grandsons of the Norman-French who conquered the Anglo-Saxons at Hastings, were the people of England in 1215. Read thy English history a little more thoroughly, Rabbi.

In 1360, we are informed, the "battle for liberty in religious thought" was begun "by the Englishman Wicklif." Oh no, Rabbi. The battle for liberty in religious thought was begun in the third decade of the first century, when Jesus Christ, your divine fellow countryman, Rabbi, drove the money changers from the temple, confounded the high priests and exposed the Pharisees. For this, indeed, he suffered death on the Cross, but he broke the bonds of Mosaic priestcraft and gave to the human soul wings of glory that lifted it above hypocrisy and materialism. He might have said of the Englishman, Wicklif, in the 13th century, as He said of the patriarch Abraham in the first, "Before Wicklif was, I am!"

The good, gentle Rabbi, who professes to be so averse to blood-letting, applauds the Puritans for having beheaded Charles I., thus giving to the monster Cromwell—the butcher of Drogheda and Wexford—despotic power in England. The only person, or country, that benefitted by the English victories in Flanders in the first decade of the 18th century was Marlborough, the embezzler of his soldiers' pay, and England, his employer. The defeat of Napoleon by Wellington, was not the triumph of the common people, whom, as the child of the Revolution, Napoleon represented, but of the banded kings of Europe, who forced back the Bourbons on the French throne against the protest of an outraged nation. Napoleon was not an archangel, but, compared with the sots, dotards and debauchees who finally crushed him, he was a decent human being. He has left to the common people of France, the Netherlands and the Rhine country a noble legacy of freedom and justice in the immortal code of laws which bears his glorious name.

It ill becomes a Jew, cleric or lay, to sneer at the motives of France in regard to America. The Jews, before this century, had two firm friends on this earth—Pope Sixtus the Fifth, who gave them shelter and protection, and the French Republic which gave them property and citizen rights. England was among the last of the Christian nations to treat the Jews with common humanity. At several coronations of the English kings, the mob of London amused itself by robbing and slaughtering the Jews wholesale. Yet, this Rabbi Mendes praises the Anglo-Saxon pigs! Napoleon, too, showed himself the friend of the Jews throughout his grand career. Why, then, should the Rabbi rejoice over the downfall of the imperial benefactor of his race?

The Rabbi grows hysterical finally, and rushes into poetical quotation about "mother England," that sought to make toothless the children of Israel who trusted to her mercy. "Peace and good will," in connection with England are worse than mockery—they are blasphemy. He winds up his screed by an appeal to materialism and cowardice thus:

"I know of no words strong enough to do justice to the theme of peace between two great nations, peace assured by reason and hallowed by religion. Even from the less worthy aspect, the commercial aspect, it is very poor policy for America to foster ill-will against one of her best customers. The federation of the Anglo-Saxon races may be a long way off, but come it must, and to the advantage of each. Honesty is the best policy and jealousy is the worst. The common sense of the American people will welcome any treaty that can remove even one possibility of a disturbing element in the development of its peace and prosperity. And to not a few thinkers it is evident that the United States has more to gain by an arbitration treaty with England than England has. For we are certain not to trouble England in any of her possessions. And such a treaty will arm us against England's aggressiveness, if she should wish to be aggressive. But we live in days when self-respecting nations do respect treaties. And the object lesson to the world which the arbitration treaty will present is worth more in the interests of honor, peace and good-will, right and religion, than all the memories of hate and ill-will which misguided people may attempt to revive.

"Yes, if Christianity, religion, is not a failure, let the arbitration treaty be ratified with a mighty shout that shall compel the world to listen, and, with the blessing of Heaven, to imitate."

The Rabbi is very kind to appeal, in a measure, to Christianity in regard to the adoption of the treaty, but we should imagine that capitalistic Judaism has, at least, as much to fear from a manly foreign policy on the part of our government as capitalistic Christianity. Both are puppets in the hands of the Wall street ogre, which is ever willing to sell out the prosperity, the honor, the glory of the United States for thirty bags of gold, or thirty times that amount of silver, whenever she is confronted by English interests. "Oh, ye hypocrites!"

THE MAYORALTY BATTLE.

The quadrangular character of the mayoral fight is attracting universal attention inside and outside the city. All the combatants are young and vigorous men, abundantly able to give a good account of themselves on the political platform. Carter H. Harrison appears to have the same faculty of drawing the masses to his side that his father before him had, and he will undoubtedly receive the full support of all the elements that used to support his sire, and that of a large Republican contingent beside. Judge Sears has displayed wonderful energy in his campaign, but must recognize by this time that high personal character and fine ability are often sadly handicapped by the odious practises of machine politicians, who trample unscrupulously on the rights and feelings of decent citizens. The proposition of a morning paper to substitute John M. Clark for Judge Sears on the Republican ticket is regarded as the best joke of the season. If there is a threadbare politician more despised than is George B. Swift in this town, it is his inconsequential "boss" John M. Clark. If Judge Sears is beaten, Mr. Clark will, no donbt, be out of a job at the end of his term. Washington Hesing and Ald. Harlan are hammering away at their "Independent" anvils like a pair of intellectual blacksmiths. Both will, no doubt, draw a large vote, and this is the acknowledged fact that causes the result of the election to be looked forward to with more interest than that of any similar event in many years. At the hour of going to press, seeing that the Democratic forces are aggressively united, and that the Republicans are hopelessly divided, it would seem that Carter H. Harrison stands the best chance of being the next Mayor of Chicago.

THE SHAME OF WATERFORD.

In a comment on an article entitled "The Irish School of Oratory," published recently in the Cornhill Magazine, from the pen of John F. Taylor, Q. C., the Irish Independent, of March 12, says:

"According to Mr. Taylor the oratorical reputation of Ireland must stand or fall by the merits and the fame of four or five men. This is certainly a slightly overstrained statement, for great as was the reputation of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran and Plunkett, the noble, though somewhat turgid style of Flood, and the fiery oratory of Hussey Burgh must still command our admiration. It was the last-named orator who made use of the grand outburst: 'England has sown her laws as dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men.' Mr. Taylor's eulogy of Grattan is only a just tribute to that great Irishman's genius. Grattan was a consummate master of the oratoric art, and Byron has in glowing verse placed him above Demosthenes. But the list of great Irish orators is not easily exhausted, and in Mr. Taylor's article there is a little too much of the spirit of exclusiveness. The eloquence of O'Connell and of Shiel can scarcely be questioned; but have we not had orators whose eloquence was of a more forcible, a more poignant character, even in a later generation—speakers whose words, as Swinburne says, 'smite men's souls as with swords?'"

Certainly, esteemed contemporary. There is nothing in the speeches of the great orators named superior to some passages in Saurin's anti-Union philippics, Emmet's dock speech and Meagher's apostrophes to the "sword," "the bay of Salamis," and "the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelite to victory."

Yet, the picture and martial relics of this same Meagher have been treated with gross disrespect by the flunkey corporation of his native city of Waterford, who had them removed from the council chamber to make place for the portraits and relics of English kings! Shame, burning shame upon Waterford, where the seal of Ireland's degradation was set when Eva MacMurrough, daughter of the traitor Dermod, gave her hand to "the sleek, the cautious and the gallant Strongbow." Yes, unfortunately, the Irish Eve listened to the Norman serpent, ate of the apple of slavery and made her country eat of it, too. And this is the treatment Waterford has accorded to the relics of the man who, by his matchless eloquence, shed lustre on her tarnished arms—the hero who made Irish valor illustrious in the ranks of the American army!—the patriot of whom the poet and orator Leyne—O'Connell's gifted nephew—wrote:

"The good old cause! to lift this isle
from ruin and from shame,
And with the beggar's squalid rags,
tramp out the beggar's name!
Oh, truest, noblest, worshiped friend,
king of the rhythmic speech!
This the emprise, dear Meagher, thy
last proud words did preach!"

THE NEW POSTMASTER.

Charles Ulysses Gordon, who has been appointed Postmaster of the city of Chicago, vice Washington Hesing, resigned, is a young man of fine appearance, pleasant manners and undoubted ability. He has not been noisy in championing the cause of his party, but he did effective work in his own quiet fashion, and that his work has been appreciated his appointment by the President shows. The "kicking" against Mr. Gordon by a few members of the Marquette club is entirely uncalled for, and is, most likely, the outcome of jealousy, that most dominant of human passions. We have had the honor of Mr. Gordon's acquaintance for several years and have always found him an urbane gentleman. THE CITIZEN cordially congratulates him on his good fortune.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

The writer of the subjoined polite and tolerant screed avows himself an Englishman. It will be observed that he is greatly unacquainted with the correct use of his native tongue—mainly a borrowed, or stolen, tongue, like most things English. When Mr. Booth attempts to lecture Irishmen on their duty as American citizens, he should, at least, have the common decency to convey his reproof in the Queen's English. THE CITIZEN simply smiles at his defense of English policy in Ireland. It never attempts to reason with a Tory Englishman, because it is only waste of time and energy. When an Englishman, of Mr. Booth's type, gets an idea into his thick skull, he only understands, and bows to, the argument of force. America learned this fact at bitter cost during her revolutionary period. The Boers learned it at Majuba Hill, and, later, during the Jamieson raid. The Imperial Englishman is a rabid creature, poisoned to the centre of his moral being by an abominable self-righteousness. He has no more conscience than a hungry bull dog. He imagines that he is doing people a service when he forces himself on their attention—doubtful grammar, lame spelling and all the rest! Some of the modern English, like their uncultured Anglo-Saxon forefathers, need to go to Ireland to get an education. Even America has not done much for Mr. Booth in this respect. We are surprised that so illiterate a person should have settled in literary Evanston. However, enough of him. Following is his effusion verbatim et literatim:

"Mr. Finerty Sir You have been ranting against Glorious old England in this Country in Congress and out of Congress. Here with you will find a poem that expresses the glory the humanity and truth of the Great Mother of Nations. If you would read the History of that Country and had any regard for the truth you would be of more service to that little belligerant Island that England has taken under her wing for protection. Hoping that you will give sober thought to my suggestions and act and speake in the futhur as becomes a good Citizen. No good loyal English citizen talks about Ireland as you talk about England The majority of the people in this Country are agreed that when England appears to be severe in her measurs (or laws of Parliament) she is justified As an English American citizen I hope you may see the error of your ways

Yours Sincerely
ALFORD BOOTH
Evanston Ill"

The poem to which Mr. Booth makes allusion is this:

"WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice from the heavens makes answer:
"Go north, go south, go east, go west,
Where the gospel of Christ the land has blest,
There floats the flag of England!"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice, it is Freedom's, makes answer:
"Go search the earth from pole to pole,
Where lives my spirit, untrammeled and whole,
There floats the flag of England!"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice like the ocean's makes answer:
"In every clime, on every sea,
Where ships of commerce sail boldly and free,
There floats the flag of England!"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice, 'tis Progression, makes answer:
"Where arts and science and manhood's cause
Are nurtured and justice inspires the laws,
There floats the flag of England!"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice, crushed Oppression's, makes answer:
"My reign is o'er, forespent my sway,
Wherever my might has been swept away,
There floats the flag of England!"

"Where is the flag of England?"
And a voice, it's her children, makes answer:
"Pursue the right with sword and pen,
Proud mother of nations and noble men,
And we'll die for the flag of old England!"

ALFRED LAVINGTON.

The best answer to give to the foregoing vainglorious stanzas is the following, which appeared some time ago in London Truth, ably edited by Mr. Booth's more sensible and cultivated fellow-countryman, Henry Labouchere, M. P.:

"WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?"

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, south, and east and west:
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races
To cozen, coerce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign:
For the English flag is there!

Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beach-comber harries
The isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessels,
'Tis the English flag flies free.

The Maori full oft hath cursed it
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred
As he spits at its folds in death.
The hapless fellah has feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder,
As he ravished with sword and flame,
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacres dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

Where is the flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once-glad islands,
Where diseases and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now fattens on human life!

Where is the flag of England?
Go! sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer, and Bibles, and rum!
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the flag of England is there!"

The two poems are a genuine case of "diamond cut diamond."

NOTICE.

The pressure on our advertising and news columns makes our excuse for excluding much local and other matter contributed by correspondents. We will endeavor to make amends in the next issue.

Two prominent Chicago newspaper men passed away recently, Mr. Frank M. Tobin, of the Daily News, and Mr. William M. Glenn of the associated press. Mr. Tobin fell a victim to consumption at the early age of 27. Mr. Glenn was found dead in his bed at Springfield, Ill., where he was attending the meeting of the legislature in a professional capacity.

THE Irish members of Parliament are largely signing a petition to President McKinley, which is in charge of Capt. A. J. C. Donelan, Nationalist member for the east division of Cork, urging that no addition be made to the customs duty on cured mackerel, pointing out that the present profit in export is very small and that any increase in the duties will almost destroy the trade.

A CELTIC OCTOGENARIAN.

[*To the Editor.*]

The subject of this brief sketch, Mr. Patrick B. Keogh, was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 17, 1817, and was therefore 80 years of age on last St. Patrick's Day. His youthful studies were pursued at the Christian brothers and National schools of his native city, and he subsequently entered the renowned University of Maynooth, in Kildare. He was an ardent admirer of the great agitator, Daniel O'Connell, in his day, and accompanied him on several of his tours for Catholic Emancipation and repeal of the Act of the Union. He was present at the monster meeting of Tara, where chroniclers estimated the attendance at 750,000 people, while the Thunderer (the London Times), of date 1843, reported one million in attendance, the largest gathering of any in ancient or modern times. Mr. Keogh was present at the famous debate in Conciliation hall between John O'Connell and Meagher, and was also at the immense funeral of the Liberator in 1847. He was personally acquainted with all the leading men and agitators of his time, the fiery Mitchell, the eloquent Meagher, the dauntless Smith O'Brien, Gavan Duffy, Mangan, McManus and many others.

Mr. Keogh came to America in the summer of 1847, and first settled in Danville and later in Lexington, where he remained about eight years. In 1856 he came to Chicago, and was engaged by W. H. Rand, then manager of the Press and Tribune, and he served almost twenty years as cutter in the press room. He was stationery agent of the Illinois Central railway for a short time, and in 1872 moved, with his family, to a farm in Indiana. He returned to Chicago three years later, and worked for Culver, Page & Hoyne for four years. Later he was connected with the printing house of John Anderson & Co., where he remained over thirteen years. From his arrival in Chicago in 1856 to 1871 he resided on the North side and was always prominent in temperance societies, Sunday School classes and St. Vincent de Paul meetings. Though an octogenerian, Mr. Keogh seems as hale and hearty as a man of 50, and from all appearance bids fair to round the century mark, like his old friend Uncle Jimmie Lane. On St. Patrick's night many of his old-time friends and admirers agreeably surprised him at his home, 50 Cypress street, where old and long friendship was renewed, and greetings cordially exchanged. Among those present were Judge M. W. Hogan, Thomas M. Phelan, Patrick Kehoe, Michael Millott, Michael White, Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burke, P. H. Walsh, Michael Doyle, and M. H. Curry; also ten of his family and ten grandchildren, all pleased and happy at the reunion on grandpa's natal day. M. H. C.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Celebration at Central Music Hall Under the Auspices of St. Bernard's Congregation.

The largest and most brilliant celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Chicago this year, was under the auspices of St. Bernard's congregation, and was held at Central Music hall. The stage was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting; also a wealth of palms, lilies and cut flowers.

The programme of the evening was of a high order, and was introduced by an organ recital of Irish airs by Prof. H. C. Beseler. Col. Kavanaugh, chairman of the evening, gave a happy address which was roundly applauded. Col. Kavanaugh is a gentleman who has won fame both as a lawyer and a soldier. His remarks, and the happy way he introduced the various numbers of the programme made him, if possible, many new friends. The De LaSalle Institute was represented by a double quartette, which sang one of Moore's melodies in such a way as to deserve the enthusiastic applause that they received. Mr. F. X. T. Owens, baritone, sang "Come to Me Eileen" in fine voice, and was encored. Miss E. Cartan, soprano, proved herself a prima donna in her rendition of "Oh, Dublin Bay" and "Killarney."

Dr. O'Malley, Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame University, was next presented to the audience, and read a paper on an "Irish Heroic Poem." He prefaced his remarks by saying that the Irish were the only people whose kings were poets and whose poets were kings. He said the Irish have always had a passion for poetry. From the Fourth century before Christ until the time of St. Columba there were so many bards in Ireland supported by a tax that on three different occasions the people arose in revolution to throw off the burthen. What nation in the world's history, he asked, has had the record of three seditions or of one to get rid of its poets because they swarmed? Even the great digest of Irish laws was versified by Dubtach, who was a Brehon and a poet. The influence of the Irish poet was far-reaching. The earliest traces of Irish rhyme we have in continental literature, the beginning of rhyme which is the chief metrical factor in the poetry of the world today, is the church hymn for Christmas Day:

Asolis ortus cardine
Ad usque terrae limitem
Christum canamus principem
Natum Maria virgine.

This was written by the Irishman Sedulius, and was modeled exactly on pre-existing Irish metre. The Gaelic poetic literature in existence at present is enormous. There is enough manuscript material in poetry alone in the library of the university at Dublin to set the world staring. He said that when a nation has to struggle for food, literature must suffer from blight. Celtic literature will rise again. He concluded his introductory remarks thus:

"Love for liberty is part of the Celtic nature as love for God is part thereof, and we shall hear the old songs chime newly along the green hills of home. Home! we are Americans here; more American than the Americans. We have proved it well enough, God knows, but if there are men here tonight who have not the nobility of Irish blood, let them bear with us for our other love which we cannot, dare not, tear out of our hearts, which makes us homesick until the second and third generation for the strange beauty of our motherland."

He then gave a critical analysis of an old "Irish Heroic Poem," which may be ranked as an epic. The poem is "The Fate of the Sons of Usna."

We regret that we cannot give the analysis in full, and it would be impossible to summarize it. The paper is of a high order, and fully sustained Dr. O'Malley in the estimate his friends have of him as a literary man. Those of our readers wishing to study this poem, we refer to the book called "Three Bardic Tales" by Todhunter; also to the works of Aubrey DeVere and Dr. Joyce.

The musical hit of the evening was a duet by Masters Bernard and John Dohney, boy sopranos, who raised the audience to their feet in applause, and who, it is safe to say, have no equals for their age in this city. The address by Attorney Hugh O'Neill was eloquent and patriotic. He spoke of "Ireland and Liberty," and raised the audience to great enthusiasm. He was again and again applauded in his remarks. The remainder of the programme was a harp solo, by Miss Alice Smith; song, by John H. Lawlor; a chorus by St. Bernard's choir, and the Irish and American athems by Mr. J. H. Lawlor and Mrs. J. McCabe, all of which were well rendered.

The celebration was in charge of the Rev. B. P. Murray, who is to be congratulated for presenting this magnificent programme.

UNIVERSITY CLASSES.

The number of University classes conducted by the University of Chicago, in the city and in the suburbs has been greater during the present winter quarter than ever before for the same period. The work has not been limited to the immediate vicinity. Classes in English literature have been conducted as far away as Logansport, Ind. Classes in Library economy are now in progress at Aurora and Geneva, Ill. A large number of classes are offered for the spring quarter which opens April 1. Students wishing to join classes beginning at that time may secure full information by addressing the Class Study Secretary, University of Chicago.

ERNST HUMMEL, CANDIDATE FOR CITY TREASURER.

The Democratic party nominated for City Treasurer a well-known man in the person of Mr. Ernst Hummel. He has been a resident of Chicago for years, and bears a reputation for honesty, integrity and straightforwardness. He is vice-president and treasurer of the South Chicago Brewing Company, having been connected with that institution since 1881. He was born in Wurterg, Germany, in 1842, and in 1856 came to Chicago. He entered the employ of his brother-in-law, Frederick Wacker, on his arrival in Chicago, and remained with him until 1863. He severed his connection then to enter the employ of Lill & Diversey, where he continued until 1872. He was appointed deputy sheriff by Sheriff Bradley that year, and was retained by Frank Agnew. In 1876 he returned to the brewing business, associating himself with Carl Brand. This connection continued until 1881, when the firm of Brand & Hummel was organized, which afterward became the South Chicago Brewing Company. In 1876 Mr. Hummel was elected North Town collector, and in 1885 State Senator from the Second Senatorial District. From 1890 to 1894 he served in the city council as alderman from the Thirty-third ward. Mr. Hummel is an active member of many social and benevolent organizations. Mr. Hummel, says the Inter-Ocean of Sunday, has always been a Democrat, and his popularity is shown by his election to the State Senate in a strong Republican district. He is very popular among business men,

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

Last Saturday night was one of the busiest, as well as the most successful in the history of Div. 8. Opening the regular meeting at 8:30 o'clock, President O'Sullivan expedited matters as much as possible, owing to the raffle and lengthy literary and musical programme which were to follow. Several new members were initiated, and many propositions for membership were received. As has been previously announced the raffle was given for the benefit of the widow and family of a lately-deceased brother, and the response of the members to this charitable call surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. Notwithstanding the number of tickets to be yet accounted for, the returns at the meeting reached the flattering total of $183.50, a sum which speaks more eloquently than words for the true and sterling members of Div. 8. A special word of gratitude and praise is due to Brother Michael H. Fitzgerald for having sold and paid for 314 tickets. Chairman Owen Devaney and Secretary Thomas F. Monahan, together with T. H. Gillespie and P. Mitchell, deserve the thanks of all concerned for their untiring labors on the raffle committee.

A musical and literary programme of eighteen numbers, together with the hospitalities of the refreshment committee, made the hours fleet merrily by. An eloquent address of welcome was delivered by President O'Sullivan, and was followed by a selection of Irish airs on the piano by Prof. T. J. Purcell, which were applauded to the echo. Mr. Frank Dillon gave "Emmet's Speech from the Dock" in masterly style. Jigs, reels, hornpipes and breakdowns were tattooed on the springboard, while M. J. Sweeney and L. Dunlop, the "fiddlers" of the occasion, rattled off "The Fox-hunter's Jig," "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," and "Tackle the Gander." The star performers were P. J. O'Sullivan, J. Doran, Thomas Donahue and P. Quinn. Songs galore were forthcoming, and the talent was superior to all previous records. James E. Mulvey sang "Skipping the Tra-la-loo," and many of the audience are still laughing at Brother Mulvey's original comicalities. Thomas H. Gillespie, Thomas Donahue, Timothy Ryan, J. L. Collins, J. J. Perkins, of Div. 3; William Hall, P. Quinn, M. O'Grady and J. Fitzgerald, sang, and encores were the rule. Master John Hennigan, aged 6 years, and his sister Sadie, aged 9 years, fairly non-plussed all others by their singing. Gifted with wonderfully clear and sweet voices, they won hearty compliments and repeated encores.

The address of the evening was a feature that amply compensated all those present. It was delivered by State Representative Dennis E. Sullivan, the young and gifted president of Sherman Council, Y. M. I., and an active member of Div. 8. I regret that I cannot report the inspiring and patriotic speech verbatim, but to those who listened no repetition is necessary, for every word was delivered with an impressiveness that can never be forgotten. And then Joseph F. Kelley gave a monologue and impersonations of the late J. W. Kelley, and so perfectly did he represent the latter that many actually thought the genial and handsome J. F. was the famous "rolling mill man" in reality. His inexhaustible stock of original puns and jokes make him a complete evening's entertainment in himself. At the conclusion of the programme the farewell address was delivered by Brother John J. Sherlock, after which Brothers Quinn and Fitzgerald sang "God Save Ireland," the audience rising and joining in the chorus. The credit of the evening's success is mainly due to Brothers P. J. O'Sullivan, R. G. McHugh, John J. Sherlock, P. J. Cullen, E. P. Nolan, T. F. Boland, James A. Donovan, M. H. Fitzgerald, M. Doyle, J. Carr and Jas. E. Mulvey.

Div. 8 meets on the first and third Saturday of each month in hall B, No. 62 North Clark street. The next meeting will be held on Saturday evening, April 3, to which visiting brothers are most cordially invited. J. J. S.

Mr. Carl Moll.

Mr. Carl Moll, who was cashier of the National Bank of Illinois until that concern passed into the hands of Receiver McKeon, will step in as cashier of the Garden City Bank April 1. Friends of Mr. Moll will be pleased to hear of his appointment. John W. Buehler, son of Banker Buehler, who has occupied the position of cashier in the Garden City Bank many years, will be promoted to the office of vice-president. At present the Garden City Bank is not provided with a vice-president, but the office will be created as soon as Mr. Moll takes up his active duties. "Yes, it has been practically decided that Mr. Moll will step in here as cashier about April 1," said Mr. Gilbert. "Mr. Buehler, the present cashier, will probably become vice-president, but that has not yet been fully decided. We have had Mr. Moll under consideration for some time."

STUDY ART AND LITERATURE.

In the winter of 1891-'92 a number of West Siders gathered at the home of Mrs. P. J. Healy and decided to form a club to be known as the Loyola, its object to be the promotion of social intercourse and to study art and literature by means of lectures, essays, discussions, conversation and music. They decided to meet at the homes of the members, and therefore limited the membership to seventy, the younger people of the families enrolled to be considered the auxiliary.

Early in the year the lectures began. W. J. Onahan read the first paper. Its subject was "The Influence of Catholic Women." His lecture was followed by Dr. O'Driscoll, who spoke on "Women in Medicine"; W. P. Rend spoke on "The Rights of Women"; Frank Pope discussed "Hindoo Women." Miss Mary Josephine Onahan was the first speaker to give a talk on music, and she took for her subject, "Musicians of Mark." Miss Anna Murphy gave a talk on "Robert Burns." Miss Mary Vaughan gave what proved to be one of the most interesting lectures of the season, her subject being "The Modern Woman."

William Dillon, the able author and present editor of the New World, is the president of the club, and the members are justly proud of him. He is a lawyer by profession, by choice an editor. He published several books during his stay in Colorado, where he journeyed from his home in Dublin in search of health. He came to Chicago at the earnest solicitation of his many friends to take charge of the New World. Mr. Dillon has the happy faculty of making and retaining hosts of friends. The other officers of the organization are Mrs. P. J. Healy, vice-president; Mrs. Julia C. Howe, secretary; Thomas F. Mullaney, treasurer.

Mrs. W. P. Rend, one of Chicago's sweetest singers, is often called upon to entertain the club with her charming voice. She is a social leader on the West Side, and, together with her able husband, has afforded the club much pleasure by entertaining the members at their home.

Among the active members of the club are Messrs. and Mmes. W. A. Amberg, W. P. Rend, P. J. Healy, W. P. Henneberry, R. C. Newton, W. J. Rogan, J. M. Doyle, D. F. Bremner, A. L. Barrett, B. McDevitt, F. W. Young, A. W. McDougald, James Dunne, W. A. Doyle, S. E. Young, John Hart, John M. Smyth, T. J. Amberg, John E. Gately, William Dillon, T. F. Judge, John Leo Fay, T. Gannon, T. J. Lawler, E. C. Ewing, T. F. O'Connell, J. C. Howe. Misses M. J. Onahan, M. E. Vaughan, G. Clinton, E. Lonergan, Anna Ward, Stacia Crowley, Mary Fay, M. Cummings. Messrs. T. F. Mullaney, R. W. Morrison, E. Murphy, D. V. Gallery, J. P. Gately, J. J. Sheehy, T. E. Rooney.

Among the younger members Miss Onahan is a great favorite. She is a great student and devotes much time and attention to literature. She has read several papers before the local clubs.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ARBITRATION.

England now desires that we should arbitrate,
But the Nation's honor is excluded from debate.
Now, what is honor? Is it not a name
For one man's glory and another's shame?
Measure it with greed and of the powers that be
Few on its sense will e'er agree.
And of England's honor what shall we say?
Ah, speak not, we can but hope and pray.

Why should we a cumbrous treaty sign?
One that Solomon himself could not define!
The world knows we're not inclined to war,
Yet England scents some danger from afar.
Her actions are not altogether clear,
Perhaps her love is not unmixed with fear.
Fear not! we'd rather arbitrate than fight,
But we must be the judge of what is just and right.

Now, England, if thou really lovest peace
Within thy realm thy work should never cease.
Arbitrate with Ireland, where smothered war resides,
Show her that excessive love which in thy heart abides,
Unloose her bonds and gently bid her rise.
Grant her those rights that you so dearly prize.
Do this, or cease thy "Christian" (?) prate,
Vaunt not thy desire to arbitrate!

Today thy flag beside the crescent floats,
While still the Turk o'er butchered Christians gloats.
Long have they cried to thee, but little dost thou heed,
'Cause of thy lust of power and thy accursed greed.
And now shall we, who look with loftier aim
Unite with thee, and with thee kinship claim?
Alliance such as this we must decline,
Our ideals differ far too much from thine.

MARIANO.

CHICAGO, March 20, 1897.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

OBITUARY.

MRS. CATHERINE M'CARTHY.

Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, a resident of Chicago since 1847, died at her residence, 247 Oakwood boulevard, Tuesday, March 2, after a long and severe illness. Her home at the corner of Dearborn and Washington streets, was always open to the early Missionary Fathers, as was her former home in Vermont. She was a most devoted, unselfish, self-sacrificing wife and mother. She leaves two sons, J. J. McCarthy, of Austin, and J. T. McCarthy, and three daughters, Emily, Agnes and Elizabeth McCarthy.

The funeral took place Friday, March 5, at 10 o'clock, to Holy Angels church, thence by carriages to Calvary. Father Tighe praised the decedent highly for her womanly virtues and generosity to the church and charity to the poor. The honorary pallbearers were Judge Tuley, Thomas Brenan, Col. L. H. Pierce, Jas. E. Callahan, Judge Clifford and Col. Hickey. The active pallbearers were P. J. Sexton, A. P. Callahan, Thomas Hutchinson, Charles Keeler, S. E. Dale and Capt. William Buckley. May she rest in peace.

THE LATE EDWARD KELLY.

Mr. Edward Kelly, who died recently at his residence, Lytle street, this city, was one of the best known and most respected Irish-Americans of the West Division. He had been a resident of Chicago for nearly twenty years, and was always identified with the Irish national cause and organizations. He was a member of the Hugh O'Neil club, the United Order of Workmen and other influential societies and always had the good will of his fellow members. The funeral occurred from the house to the Holy Family church, where requiem high mass was celebrated. The members of the Hugh O'Neill club attended in a body, and among those present were noticed Daniel O'Connor, Ald. John Bennett, David L. Bussy, Lieut. James Stow, Edward Laughlin, J. T. Walsh, John McGovern, Cornelius Ryan, Miles McPadden and a host of other well known citizens. The following resolutions were adopted by the Hugh O'Neill club at its meeting of March 12:

WHEREAS, The Almighty God, in infinite wisdom, has call to eternal rest our beloved brother, Edward Kelly, in whose death his wife and children have lost a devoted husband and loving father, and the Hugh O'Neill club has lost a worthy member, his country a true friend, and the community a good citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the officers and members of the Hugh O'Neill club, in regular meeting assembled, hereby extend to the family of our deceased brother our deepest and heartfelt sympathy, and commend them for consolation to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the club and that the centre altar be draped for a period of thirty days out of respect for our deceased brother.

MICHAEL HEANY,
T. J. CONDON,
JOHN ATKINS,
Committee.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

T. E. RYAN, CANDIDATE FOR WEST TOWN ASSESSOR.

Mr. Timothy E. Ryan, Democratic candidate for West Town Assessor, was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1852. He has been a resident of Chicago and vicinity since 1858. He is a graduate of the common and high schools of this city and learned the trade of ship carpenter, and, as a member of the firm of Ryan Bros., made money at the business. He was elected West Town Assessor in 1884, and gave general satisfaction. In 1891 he was induced to be again a candidate for the same important office, and was elected thereto three times in succession. While Mr. Ryan was in office the rates in the West Division were $6 per $1,000 on real and $7 per $1,000 on personal property. Now the rates are $11.66 on real and $12.00 on personal property. He was the first assessor to cut down the rates on the small stores and increase them on the large corporations, where they rightly belong. He hopes to be elected by a great majority.

MILES J. DEVINE, CANDIDATE FOR CITY ATTORNEY.

Miles J. Devine, nominated for City Attorney, was born at Twenty-seventh and Dearborn streets in 1866, and has for years been promient in Chicago affairs, social and political. He is a son of Patrick Devine, who was one of the pioneer railroad builders of Chicago. He laid the first rails for the State street line many years ago. Mr. Devine's mother was a sister of the late Very Rev. P. J. Conway, vicar general of the Chicago diocese.

Mr. Devine was carefully educated, and at the age of 13 attended St. Patrick's brothers' school. He spent two years at St. Francis' college at Milwaukee and four years at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Niagara, N. Y.

When he returned after graduation, he attended the Chicago College of Law and Lake Forest University, graduating in 1890. He then began the practice of law, founding the firm of Devine & O'Connell, at 87 Washington street, and is still a member of that firm. In 1892 he was appointed assistant city prosecutor by the late Mayor Harrison. He was retained by Mayor Hopkins throughout his term and by Mayor Swift until August, 1895. He was offered several nominations, but declined all until his friends induced him to run for the responsible office of City Attorney—a position for which he is excellently qualified. A contemporary well says of him:

"Mr. Devine commands not alone the highest esteem and respect of his own nationality, the Irish, but that of every man, no matter what nativity he represents, that has had the pleasure of cultivating his acquaintance."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chiun Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

Dála Fhionnbhár Máigh Feabhail; do chuir teachta ualdh ar fesdh Eireann ulle do thionól Tuatha De Danann ós gach áit chuige: óir ba righ orra Fionnbhárr; go d-tangadar chuige ós gach áit sé catha déag de ghléir ghlan-shluagh i g-cionn míosa, ar bhruach Locha Dearg-Dheirc; agus budh é an lá céadna sin rainig le Conán an bhainis do bheith ollmuighthe aige fá chómhair Fhinn agus na Féinne: gur chuir Soistreach, a bhean-eachlach féin, ar a g-cionn go Teamhair Luachra; agus ar n-déanamh a teachta ré Fionn, gluaiseas roimpe tar n-ais ré Loch Dearg-Dheirc, go bh-facadar Tuatha De Danann i, agus do chuaidh Failbhe Beag lona dtaigh ag fághail sgéala uaithe: gur innis sí dhó gur i bh-fochair Fhinn mhic Cumhaill do bhí sí. Ro fhiafraigh Failbhe Beag cá raibh Fionn, no cá lion do bhádar lona fharradh. "I d-Teamhair Luachra d'fhágbhas é," ar sí, "agus deich g-céad a chuideachta," agus ro inn's gurab i bh-fochair Chonáin Chinn Shléibhe do bhí Fionn ré bheith an oidhche sin. Ar n-a chlos sin do Fhailbhe, thug beim cloidhimh do'n bhean-eachlach, gur gheárr ar a dhó i, gur tharraing chum na h-abhna i, gurab Dubhghearrthach ainm na t-srothá sin ó shoin a leith.

Dála Fhion: gluaisios i n-diaigh na beaneachlaidhe, agus ba h-iad Clanna Móirne lion is mó do bhi lona fharradh fo'n am sin: óir ni raibh iona n-éagmuis ann acht Fionn, Caoilte, mac an Reithe, Eochaidh Mór mac Lugaidh, Sgolb-eine mac Oisin, agus Caol Crodha ó Neamhainn: go n-dábhairt Fionn ré Goll, "a Ghoill," ar sé, "nior ghabh uamhan no imeagla me ar bhainis riamh roimhe anois: agus me ar bheagán buidhne: óir atá fáistine nach maith do tcssbánadh dham, eadhon, Tuatha De Danann do thógbháil bruighne orm, agus mo mhuintir do mharbhadh." "Almicfeadsa thú orra do'n chor so," ar Goll. Agus tigid rómpa ar sin go teach Chonáin: gur chuir Conán fáilte riu, agus do h-éaghradh teach n-ola aca, agus do bhi Fionn i leabaidh uasan ann, agus Goll ar a dheis, agus Fionn leibi d'á chil, agus each i g-coitchinne iona n onad cinnte féin ó sin amach.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

As for Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail; he despatched messengers to the different parts of Eirn, to summon the Tuatha De Dananns from all quarters, for Fionnbharr was king over them. Sixteen well-appointed battalions, from all parts, assembled on the margin of Loch Dearg-dheirc within the space of a month. This muster took place upon the very day that Conan had the wedding feast ready for Fionn and the Fenians. He (Conan) sent Soistreach, his own female courier, to Teamhair Luachra, to invite Fionn and the Fenians. When she had delivered her message to Fionn, she returned back by Loch Dearg-dheirc, and the Tuatha De Dananns having seen her pass, Failbhe Beag followed her to ask her news. She informed him that she had been before Fionn Mac Cumhaill. Failbhe Beag asked her where Fionn then was, and how many men he had with him. "I left him at Teamhair Luachra, and ten hundred is the number of his companions," answered she. She also told him that Fionn was to spend that night with Conan of Ceann Sleibhe. When Failbhe heard that he struck the female courier with his sword, and cut her in two. He then dragged her remains and cast them into the adjoining river. Hence that stream is called Dubhghearthach from that time to the present.

As regards Fionn, he followed the female courier, and the Clanna Moirne composed the majority of the force that accompanied him on the occasion; for there were none left to supply their place except Fionn, Caoilte, Mac Reithe, Eochaidh Mor, son of Lughaidh, Sgolb Sgeine, son of Oisin, and Caol Crodha from Neamhainn. Fionn, addressing Goll said, "O Goll, I never felt misgiving or fear on the occasion of attending any wedding feast before this; my forces being few in number; for I have a foreknowledge that evil broods over me, namely that the Tuatha De Dananns are about to raise a *bruighean* quarrel against me and slaughter my people." "I will defend you against their attacks on this occasion," said Goll. They thereupon proceeded forward on their way to the house of Conan. Conan gave them a cordial welcome, and they were introduced into the banqueting hall. Fionn occupied the couch next to the door, Goll sat on his right, and Fionndealb on his left hand, while all the others assumed the places they were accustomed to occupy without any further distinction being made.

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

THE APES OF ANPEAN,

A Poetical Portrayal of A. P. Aism, by E. F. O'RIORDAN, 1216 Unity Building, Chicago. Sample Copies 10 cents. Agents wanted.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS,

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Families supplied with Choice Groceries at Wholesale Prices. Goods Delivered to all parts of the city.

TELEPHONE 2658.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1897. E. S. Rooks as Receiver of Illinois Paper Company vs. George M. Hill, R. R. McCabe, Eugene A. Weeks, Albert R. Barnes, E. A. Lawson, The Weeks Publishing Company and the E. A. Weeks & Company. In Chancery No. 181,018.

Notice is hereby given to the said E. A. Lawson that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of April A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.

Matthew P. Brady, Complainant's Solicitor.

SHE KISSED HER FINGER TIPS.

She kissed her finger tips to me.
A sudden splendor lit the skies.
I caught a glimpse of paradise
That filled my soul with ecstasy.

She kissed her finger tips to me.
'Twas winter weather, yet I swear
The scent of woodbine filled the air,
And choiring birds piped merrily.

She kissed her finger tips to me.
The years rolled back. The world was young.
I heard the song the sirens sung
In wave washed islands of the sea.

She kissed her finger tips to me.
The halcyon days returned again,
And, lo, this weary world of men
The land of fairies seemed to be.

She kissed her finger tips to me.
Ah, I forgot that life had stern,
Relentless tasks for me to learn,
For love made earth an Arcady.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

THREE MUTINEERS.

Captain William Belchior was more than a martinet. He was known as Bucko Belchior in every port where the English language is spoken, having earned this prefix by the earnest readiness with which, in his days as second and chief mate, he would whirl belaying pins, heavers and handspikes about the decks and by his success in knocking down, tricing up and working up sailors who displeased him. With a blow of his fist he had broken the jaw of a man helplessly ironed in the 'tween deck, and on the same voyage, armed with a simple belaying pin, had sprung alone into a circle of brandishing sheath knives and quelled a mutiny. He was short, broad, beetle browed and gray eyed, of undoubted courage, but with the quality of sympathy left out of his nature.

During the ten years in which he had been in command he was relieved of much of the executive work that had made him famous when he stood watch, but was always ready to ratify his reputation as a "Bucko" should friction with the crew occur past the power of his officers to cope with. His ship, the Wilmington, a skysail yard clipper, was rated by sailor men as the "hottest" craft under the American flag, and Captain Belchior himself was spoken of by consuls and commissioners far and near as a man peculiarly unfortunate in his selection of men, for never a passage ended but he was complainant against one or more heavily ironed and badly used up members of his crew.

His officers were, in the language of one of these defendants, "o' the same breed o' dorg." No others could or would sign with him. His crews were invariably put on board in the stream or at anchorage, never at the dock; drunk when coerced by the boarding masters into signing the ship's articles; kept drunk until delivery, for no sober men able to run would join her; they were driven or hoisted up the side like animals, some in a stupor from drink or drugs, some tied hand and foot, struggling and cursing with returning reason.

Equipped thus, the Wilmington, bound for Melbourne, discharged her tug and pilot off Sandy Hook one summer morning, and with a fresh, quartering wind and raising sea headed for the southeast. The day was spent in getting her sail on and in the "licking into shape" of the men as fast as they recovered their senses. Oaths and missiles flew about the deck, knockdowns were frequent, and by 8 bells in the evening, when the two mates chose the watches—much as boys choose sides in a ball game—the sailors were well convinced that their masters lived aft.

Three men, long haired fellows, sprawling on the main hatch helpless from seasickness, were left to the last in the choosing and then hustled into the light from the nearby galley door to be examined. They had been dragged from the forecastle at the mate's call for "all hands."

"Call yourselves able seamen, I suppose?" he said with an oath as he glared into their woebegone faces.

"No, pard," said the tallest and oldest of the three in a weak voice. "We're not seamen. We don't know how we got here neither."

The mate's answer was a fist blow under the ear that sent the man headlong into the scuppers, where he lay, quiet.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to me, you bandy legged farmers!" he snarled, glowering hard at the other two as they leaned against the water tank. "I'm pard to none of you."

They made him no answer, and he turned away in contempt. "Mr. Tomm," he called, "want these Ethiopians in your watch?"

"No, sir," said the second mate. "I don't want 'em. They're no more use than a spare pump."

"I'll make 'em useful 'fore I'm done with 'em. Go forrard, you three. Get the bile out of yer gissards 'fore mornin if ye value yer good looks." He delivered a vicious kick at each of the two standing men, bawling out, "Relieve the wheel and lookout; that'll do the watch," and went aft, while the crew assisted the seasick men to the forecastle and into three bedless bunks—bedless because sailors must furnish their own, and these men had been "shanghaied."

The wind died away during the night, and they woke in the morning with their seasickness gone and appetites ravanous. Somber and ominous was their bearing as they silently ate of the breakfast in the forecastle and stepped out on deck with the rest in answer to the mate's roar, "All hands spread dunnage." Having no dunnage but what they wore, they drew off toward the windlass and conferred together while chests and bags were dragged out on deck and overhauled by the officers for whisky and sheath knives. What they found of the former they pocketed and of the latter tossed overboard.

"Where are the canal drivers?" demanded the chief mate as he raised his head from the last chest. "Where are our seasick gentlemen who sleep all night? What, what"— he added in a stutter of surprise.

He was looking down three 8 inch barrels of three heavy Colt revolvers, cocked and held by three scowling, sunburned men, each of whom was tucking with disengaged left hand the corner of a shirt into a waistband, around which was strapped a beltful of cartridges.

"Hands up!" snapped the tall man. "Hands up, every one of you. Up with 'em—over yer heads! That's right." The pistols wandered around the heads of the crowd, and every hand was elevated.

"What's this? What d'you mean? Put those pistols down! Give them up! Lay aft, there, some of you, and call the captain!" blustered the mate, with his hands held high. Not a man stirred to obey. The scowling faces looked deadly in earnest.

"Right about face," commanded the tall man. "March, every man. Back to the other end of the boat. Laramie, take the other side and round up anybody you see. Now, gentlemen, hurry."

Away went the protesting procession, and, joined by the carpenter, sailmaker, donkey man and cook, "rounded up" from their sanctums by the man called Laramie, it reached the main hatch before the captain, pacing the quarter deck, was aware of the disturbance. With Captain Belchior to think was to act. Springing to the cabin skylight, he shouted: "Steward, bring up my pistols! Bear a hand! Lower your weapons, you scoundrels! This is rank mutiny."

A pistol spoke, and the captain's hat left his head. "There goes your hat," said a voice; "now for a button." Another bullet sped, which cut from his coat the button nearest his heart. "Come down from there—come down," said the voice he had heard. "Next shot goes home. Start while I count three. One—two"— Captain Belchior descended the steps. "Hands up, same as the rest." Up went the captain's hands. Such marksmanship was beyond his philosophy. "Pache," went on the speaker, "go up there and get the guns he wanted." The steward, with two bright revolvers in his hands, was met at the companion hatch by a man with but one, but that one was so big and the hand which held it was so steady that it was no matter of surprise that he obeyed the terse command, "Fork over; handles first." The captain's nickel plated pistols went into the pockets of Pache's coat, and the white faced steward, poked in the back by the muzzle of that big firearm, marched to the main deck and joined the others.

"Go down that place, Pache, and chase out any one else you find," called the leader from behind the crowd. "Bring 'em all down here." Pache descended and reappeared with a frightened cabin boy, whom, with the man at the wheel, he drove before him to the steps. There was no wind, and the ship could spare the helmsman.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said the tall leader, "I reckon we're all here. Keep yer hands up. We'll have a powwow. Pache, stay up there, and you, Laramie, cover 'em from behind. Plug the first man who moves."

He mounted the steps to the quarter deck, and as he replaced empty shells with cartridges looked down on them with a serene smile on his not ill looking face. His voice, except when raised in accents of command, had in it the musical, drawling, plaintive tone so peculiar to the native Texan—and so deceptive. The other two, younger and rougher men, looked as they glanced at their victims through the sights of the pistols as though they longed for the word of permission to riddle the ship's company with bullets.

"You'll pay for this, you infernal cutthroats!" spluttered the captain. "This is piracy."

"Don't call any names now," said the tall man. "'Tain't healthy. We don't want to hurt you, but I tell you seriously you never were nearer death than you are now. It's a risky thing and a foolish thing, too, gentlemen, to steal three American citizens with guns under their shirts and take 'em so far from land as this. Hangin's the fit and proper punishment for hoss stealin, but man stealin's so great a crime that I'm not right sure what the punishment is. Now, we don't know much 'bout boats and ropes, though we can tie a hangman's knot when necessary, but we do know sumthin 'bout guns and human natur'— Here, you, come way from that fence." The captain was edging toward a belaying pin, but the speaker's voice had lost its plaintiveness, and three tubes were looking at him. He drew inboard, and the leader resumed.

"Now, fust thing, who's foreman of this outfit? Who's boss?"

"I'm captain here."

"You are? You are not. I'm captain. Get up on that shanty." The small house over the mizzen hatch was indicated, and Captain Belchior climbed it. The tubes were still looking at him.

"Now, you, there, you man who hit me last night when I was sick, who are you and what?"

"Mate, d—n you."

"Up with you and don't cuss. You did a cowardly thing, pardner—an unmanly thing. You don't deserve to live any longer, but my darter back here at school thinks I've killed enough men for one lifetime, and mebbe she's right—mebbe she's right. Anyhow, she don't like it, and that lets you out, though I won't answer for Pache and Laramie when my back's turned. You kicked 'em both. But I'll just return the blow." The mate had but straightened up on top of the hatchhouse when the terrible pistol spat out another red tongue, and his yell followed the report as he clapped his hand to the ear through which the bullet had torn.

"Hands up, there!" thundered the shooter, and the mate obeyed, while a stream of blood ran down inside his shirt collar.

"Any more bosses here?" The second mate did not respond, but Pache's pistol sought him out, and under its influence and his guttural "I know you; get up," he followed his superiors.

"Any more?"

A manly looking fellow stepped out of the group and said: "You've got the captain and two mates. I'm bosun here, and yonder's my mate. We're next, but we're not bosses in the way of bein responsible for anything that has happened or might happen to you. We b'long forrard. There's no call to shoot at the crew, for there's not a man among 'em but what 'u'd be glad to see you get ashore and get there himself."

"Silence, bosun!" bawled the captain. But the voice of authority seemed pitifully ludicrous and incongruous coupled with the captain's position and attitude, and every face on the deck wore a grin. The leader noticed the silent merriment and said:

"Laramie, I reckon these men'll stand. You can come up here. I'm gettin 'long in years and kinder steadyin down, but I s'pose you and Pache want some fun. Start yer whistle and turn loose."

Up the steps bounded Laramie, and with ringing whoop as a prelude began whistling a clear, musical trill, while Pache, growling out, "Dance, dance, you white livered coyotes!" sent a bullet through the chief mate's boot heel.

"Dance!" repeated Laramie between bars of the music. "Crack, crack!" went the pistols, while bullets rattled around the feet of the men on the hatch, and Laramie's whistle rose and fell on the soft morning air.

Old Sol, who has looked on many scandalous sights, looked on this and hid his face under a cloud, refusing to witness, for never before had the ethics of shipboard life been so outrageously violated. A squat captain and two 6 foot officers, nearly black in the face from rage and exertion, with hands clasped over their heads, hopped and skipped around a narrow stage to the accompaniment of pistol reports harmoniously disposed among the notes of a whistled tune, while bullets grazed their feet, and an unkempt, disfigured and sore headed crew looked on and chuckled. When the mate, weak from loss of blood, fell and rolled to the deck, the leader stopped the entertainment.

"Now, gentlemen," he said in his serious voice, "I'm called Pecos Tom, and I've had considerable experience in my time, but this is my fust with human creatures so weak and thoughtless that they'll drug and steal three men without takin their guns away from them. And so on account of this shiftless improvidence I reckon this boat will have to turn round and go back."

They rolled and kicked the two mates to the rail, lifted the captain to his feet and said:

"Give the right and proper order to yer men to turn this boat round."

With his face working convulsively, Captain Belchior glanced at his captors, at his eager, waiting crew, at the wheel without a helmsman, at a darkening of the water on the starboard bow to the southward, up aloft and back again to the three frowning muzzles.

"One hand to the wheel; square in main and cro' jack yards," he called. He was conquered.

With a hurrah, which indicated the sincerity of these orders, the crew sprang to obey them, and with foreyards braced to starboard and head sheets flat the ship Wilmington paid off, wore around and, bringing the young breeze on the port quarter, steadied down to a course for Sandy Hook, which the captain, with hands released, but still under the influence of those threatening pistols, worked out from the mate's dead reckoning. Then he was pinioned again, but allowed to pace the deck and watch his ship, while the two officers were kept under the rail, sometimes stepped upon or kicked and often admonished on the evil of their ways.

Early passengers on the East river ferryboats were treated to a novel sight next morning, which they appreciated according to their nautical knowledge. A lofty ship with skysails and royals hanging in the buntlines and jibs tailing ahead like flags was charging up the harbor before a humming southerly breeze, followed by an elbowing crowd of puffing, whistling, snub nosed tugs. It was noticeable that whenever a fresh tug arrived alongside little white clouds left her quarter deck, and that tug suddenly sheered off to take a position in the parade astern.

Abreast of Governors island topgallant halyards were let go, as were those of the jibs, but no clewing up or hauling down was done, nor were any men seen on her forecastle deck getting ready lines or ground tackle. She passed the Battery and up the East river, craft of all kinds getting out of her way, for it was obvious that something was wrong with her, until, rounding slowly to a starboard wheel, with canvas rattling and running gear in bights, she headed straight for a slip partly filled with canalboats. Then her topsail halyards were let go, and three heavy yards came down by the run, breaking across the caps, and, amid a grinding, creaking and crashing of riven timbers and a deafening din of applauding tug whistles, she plowed her way into the nest of canalboats and came to a stop.

Then was a hegira. Down her black sides, by ropes and chain plates, to the wrecked and sinking canalboats, some with bags or chests, some without, came sailor men, who climbed to the dock, and, answering no questions of the gathering crowd of dock loungers, scattered into the side streets, while three men appeared on the rail, who shook their fists and swore and shouted for the police, calling particularly for the apprehension of three dark faced, long haired fellows with big hats.

In the light of later developments it was known that the police responded and, with the assistance of boarding house runners, gathered in that day nearly all of this derelict crew, even to the cautious boatswain, who were promptly and severely punished for mutiny and desertion. But the later developments failed to show that the three dark faced men were ever seen again.—Morgan Robinson in New York Sun.

FORETELL STORMS.

GEESE SERVE AS BAROMETERS FOR A NEW JERSEY FARMER.

While the Flocks Sometimes Make Nuisances of Themselves With Their Noise, They Yet Perform Valuable Services by Predicting What the Weather Will Be.

"Maybe you have often noticed that some farmers keep geese year in and year out, let them have the run of the farm and seem to show them all kinds of consideration," said an observant summer boarder, "yet are always swearing that they are the biggest nuisance in the world. If you have noticed that peculiarity of the daily rounds of the husbandman, you have doubtless many a time wondered why in blazes the farmer kept such nuisances on his premises. I used to wonder why it was, but I never bothered myself to find out the reason, and one summer an explanation of the mystery came about in a funny way. I was passing my vacation on a farm over in Jersey. The farmer had a big flock of geese, and he was eternally throwing the weightiest kind of Jersey cuss words at them. One day I sat on the front stoop talking with my host. The geese were placidly cropping grass down along the road, a big gander leading them on. Peace, tranquillity and contentment spoke in every movement the fowls made. There wasn't a cloud in the sky that I could see. The farmer's men were working without much apparent vim at raking and loading hay down in a meadow not a great way off.

"Suddenly the old gander poked up his head, gave voice to a peculiar squawk, lifted his wings and started off on a run as fast as his big webbed feet would let him go. All the geese poked up their necks at the sound of the gander's voice, lifted their wings and, with a chorus of noises that only a flock of geese can produce, started after the gander as fast as they could waddle. The gander ran perhaps 20 yards, and then, with a wild shriek, he took wing and flew in the direction of a pond a short distance from the road. The geese flew after him, filling the air with their discordant cries. Gander and geese alighted in the pond, where they all gathered in a bunch, held a consultation in a subdued chorus of cackles and went through all sorts of erratic maneuvers for a few minutes. Then they separated and swam about as placidly as they had been pasturing by the roadside a few minutes before.

"At the first movement of the gander, when he disturbed the tranquillity of the feeding flock, my host rose quickly to his feet and as he moved toward the meadow exclaimed:

"'There's them ding hayin hands workin as if they had all the rest of the year to git that hay in, and here we're goin to be ketched in a tearin old shower in less than an hour, or else there ain't no use in keepin geese.'

"Then he hurried down to the meadow, spurred up the men and took an active hand himself at the loading of the hay. Before 15 minutes had passed I saw clouds banking in the horizon, and presently the mutter of thunder was heard among them. The farmer was right. In an hour one of the hardest thunderstorms I ever saw was raging over that part of New Jersey, and it caught the last load of the old man's hay in transit. After supper that night I questioned the farmer on the goose question and found that the reason he tolerated a flock of geese on his farm was that they kept him posted on the weather.

"'They hain't never failed me yit,' he said. 'When I git up in the mornin and see them geese out on the pond, divin and dressin down their feathers as if they was gittin ready to go to some party or other, I know that we are sure of clear, warm, dry weather, and I make my calculations accordin'ly. If the geese ain't a dressin theirselves much, but act kinder as if it wasn't of much use to spruce up, then I keep my eye on 'em. That's a warnin that we are in danger of a spell of weather. If the geese quit the pond and don't go back much through the day, I know that the danger holds, and I git myself ready for a good old fashioned rain, sot in for a day or two anyhow. If they feed along awhile and waddle back to the pond chipperlike and go to dressin theirselves and divin, I'm quite certain for sure that there won't be no sot rain commencin that day. If the geese gits up all of a sudden and tears around like you seen 'em today, then there's a shower comin, and a-comin fast, you kin bet a cooky.'

"That's the reason some farmers keep geese around and still 'holler' it out every little while that they wish the ding things were in Halifax. They are weather prophets, and the farmers believe in them as firmly as they do in the tradition that there's a right and a wrong time of the month to put in potatoes and to butcher hogs. This farmer told me this and other funny things about geese as storm prophets. He said that when they prophesy a storm the sounds they make are not like their cries at any other time. An expert reader of geese signals can tell the frightened cry from the prophetic storm shriek as far as he can hear it."—New York Sun.

A Burst of Activity.

The Turk, as a rule, is not energetic, but he is capable of sudden bursts of activity. A writer in Cassell's Family Magazine gives an illustration:

He was going home late one night in Constantinople, when a man ran by him, pursued by four zaptiehs. Directly they caught the man they belabored him vigorously with the butt ends of their guns. The Englishman interfered:

"If he is a thief, why not take him to prison and let him be tried properly? Don't half kill the man without a trial."

"O effendi," said the spokesman of the party, "we don't mind his being a thief. We're only hitting him because of the trouble he gave us to run after him." And that is an offense which the average Turk never forgives.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

Queer Fun For the Cowboy Sportsmen In Southern Utah.

"You may talk about hunting deer and elk or mountain goats, but for real sport horse hunting is destined to lay all such shooting in the shade in the near future."

This remark was made by B. F. Saunders, one of the cattle kings of Utah. Mr. Saunders each year sells about 2,500 head of cattle to Montana stockmen.

"In the Rocky mountain ranges there are now roaming about fully 2,000,000 horses that may be said to belong to no one. The range horse has become so worthless and such a drug on the market that for several years past stockmen have not branded the young horses growing up. The horses on the plains now are about one-half without brands and are relapsed into a perfectly wild state.

"Down in the southern part of Utah, where my cattle range all the year, boys are shooting these wild horses whenever they get a chance. This practice, of course, makes those horses that escape wilder than ever, and it is only now and then that a band of horses can be approached near enough to get a shot at them. There is no danger of any one being injured by this sport, as the horses are a nuisance, and all cattlemen wish to see them exterminated. Many cattlemen themselves own bands of horses that are running wild, and when they go out to round them up it is not as of old to brand, but to shoot them.

"In the Rocky mountain ranges in Montana, Utah, Nevada and elsewhere it is now generally acknowledged that range horses are a public nuisance and they ought to be exterminated. They eat up the grass needed for cattle, and they are as hard on a range as sheep. The horses eat grass right down to the roots, thus in dry weather completely destroying the range they graze over.

"There was a time not many years ago when a big band of horses was considered very valuable property and guarded carefully. A horse thief was considered on the range one degree worse than a murderer and was hanged sometimes on very slight evidence.

"A man who would now go out on the range and steal a few bands of horses would be allowed to ship them away and be hailed as a public benefactor. Around his neck, instead of a rope, would be thrown wreaths of flowers, and all men would praise him as a philanthropist of a very high order.

"It is a fact that any one who wished could round up all the horses he could find in almost any section of the Rocky mountain range and no one would question his right. The day of the range horse is past, and it will never come again. The time is coming, in my mind, when the horse, like the buffalo, will be in danger of becoming extinct.

"Don't you know that in recent years the railroads compel a shipper to prepay freight on horses, which is the only sort of live stock where such a rule applies.

"The sport of hunting horses is encouraged by stockmen and can be indulged in with impunity. It is destined, I think, to become very popular, as it is exciting and somewhat dangerous.

"The proposition of canning horse meat for the European market was thought at one time to be a way of utilizing the range horse to advantage, but that is evidently a failure. It was talked of for some time, but nothing more is heard of it. The only way I can see of getting rid of horses is to make the sport of shooting them popular, as I believe it is destined to become.

"Of course a dead horse is no good, but thousands of buffaloes were killed for the sport there was hunting them, so why not horses?"—Butte Miner.

Du Maurier.

Few people know that the author of "Trilby" died of an abscess on the heart. It is an extremely uncommon disease, which is contracted only in the autumn, and is produced by taking a septic germ into the system. It seems as if persons never experience what they dread most. All his life Du Maurier dreaded total blindness, yet he died before the blow could fall. What splendid work he did with only one eye! One wonders if it could have been better had he been blessed with perfect vision.

I said to him one day, "How is it that your daughters have both married regular Du Maurier men—the kind you have aways drawn?"

"Oh," he said, with a whimsical smile, "I brought them up to think that was the only kind of man they could marry."

"That's all very well," said I. "But how do you explain the fact that your grandchildren are the very image of the children we all love so in your drawings?"

"I taught my girls," said he, "that those were the only kind of children they could have." It occurred to me that this was a triumph of mind over matter well worth considering.—Harper's Bazar.

Mirrors.

The earliest looking glasses, or mirrors, were of either metal, highly polished, or of black painted mica. It is noted in Jewish history that the laver was made of brass "of the looking glasses of the women assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation," and some commentators conjecture that these women gave up their bronze or copper hand mirrors to supply the material for the laver. Egyptian women always carried their mirrors to the temples, and the Hebrew women probably did likewise, as do the Arabian and Turkish women today. Glass mirrors are of comparatively recent date. Mirrors of silver and gold were commonly used in mediæval times. In 1360 Venice became the seat of the manufacture of glass mirrors, which have since superseded all other varieties, the improvements in the manufacture of plate glass enabling mirrors to be made of great size.

A Paris "Healer."

A new miracle monger has appeared in Paris and is winning a lot of more or less serious attention from the people and papers of that novelty loving city. He is an old man named Jourdain, who, before he discovered that he could heal the sick, was a farm laborer at Chelles, in the department of Seine-et-Marne. Jourdain's method is highly original, and, thanks to the limitless power of the human imagination, it seems to be not less highly successful, and his operating room is constantly filled with clients. Like other "healers," he credits his power to the presence in his body of a mysterious something which he calls a fluid; but, unlike his predecessors, he does not communicate this fluid to his patients by the laying on of hands, but to lumps of sugar, which are afterward applied to the aching or diseased believer in occultism.

Around the walls of Jourdain's room are long benches, upon which his patients, often to the number of 50, take their places. In the center is a stove, near which are two other wooden benches, whereon the credulous visitors place their paper bags of sugar. While Jourdain is operating, perfect silence prevails among the patients, who watch him intently as he fumbles about with the lumps of sugar. After that ceremony Pere Jourdain takes the bags and returns them, one by one, to their owners, who, on receiving them, place a few coins, copper or silver, in proportion to their means, in his hand. The miracle man drives such a lucrative trade that he has enlisted the services of his nephew, who is probably destined to be his successor, as he already fumbles the sugar in a masterly manner.—Exchange.

Life In a Flat.

"I hate to live in a flat," said the young woman in the rose bonnet. "If I want to quarrel comfortably with my husband, I have to close all the doors and windows and keep an eye on the air shaft because an old sweetheart of his lives in the flat below, and I will not give her the satisfaction of being able to call him 'poor Mr. Nooliewedde.'"

"Humph! It's worse if you're not married yet!" said the girl in the green hat. "There is a most reprehensibly pretty girl who lives in the flat across from us, and she makes a practice of allowing her canary to escape just as Dick comes up the stairs. Then she screams for help, and of course he rushes over to rescue her from dire disaster. I rather think, though, that I've put a stop to that proceeding now."

"Good gracious!" said the young woman in the rose bonnet. "Did you open the hall window and let the little thing escape?"

"No, dear. I simply bought a cat and mentioned the fact in her hearing. But that is a small matter to the other woes I have to suffer in that flat. Why, I am sleeping in a folding bed in the parlor while Dick's mother is visiting us. The other day I failed somehow to get it properly fastened up, and it fell down with an awful crash in the afternoon, knocking over a small table and smashing two hideous cups she had brought me. Of course, she thinks it is in some way my own fault."

"But why didn't you go down town and match—"—New York Journal.

The Brain of the Criminal.

An Italian brigand having died after a most notorious and remarkable career, even for a man in his profession, his brain was given to a scientist for examination in order to discover, if possible, whether there was any difference between it and the honest, or normal, brain. After exhaustive experiments the professor in charge was forced to admit that he could find nothing abnormal about the brain structure.

According to all known laws on the subject, the man was possessed of great ability, and, the professor says, might have been a great man. As the brigand was a murderer, a thief and a bad lot generally, it would seem that the fact of there being no abnormal conditions in the brain might have a bearing on the much discussed subject of brain structure. Some time since a suggestion was made that intelligent people and those of eminence in their professions should will their brains to a society for scientific investigation in order to determine, by comparison, what were the causes of criminal tendencies and what brain conditions these tendencies brought about.—New York Ledger.

Gets All the Gold.

A process of extracting gold by which every particle of the metal in the ore is recovered is stated to be in successful operation in West Australia. It is called the ore atomic process. Gold quartz is crushed into small lumps and is then put into a closed chamber, subjected to the heat of a furnace, to the action of water, and of hydrogen gas. This eliminates sulphur and reduces all oxides to the metallic state. After being heated the material is suddenly cooled by jets of water, an operation repeated several times till the quartz crumbles to powder at the touch of the finger. It is then thrown into a tank and the gold is separated by washing.

Seventy thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed by fire at Huron, S. D., including the Alliance building.

The Russian govenrment, according to United States Consul General Karel at St. Petersburg, is acting with vigor to prevent the spread of the dreaded bubonic plague into Russia.

Billy Birch, the veteran minstrel, was stricken with paralysis while attending an Elks meeting at New York.

The death penalty was pronounced against William T. Powers, colored, found guilty of the murder of John J. Murphy by a jury at Chicago.

Gold has been discovered in the Tussey mountains near Bedford, Pa., and sample sent to the Pennsylvania state college assayed $11 per ton.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cas-[illegible] candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

A DREADFUL DISEASE

INFORMATION OF VALUE TO EVERYBODY ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

A Dangerous Superfluity—Popular Errors on the Subject—How to Recognize the Danger Signs—Between the Ages of Ten and Thirty It Is Most to Be Feared.

There is a popular and false notion that appendicitis is caused by a grape seed, an orange seed or some other foreign substance getting into the vermiform appendix. The true cause is the setting up of inflammation and consequent gangrene in the tissue of the appendix, usually due to insufficient circulation of blood in the part itself. In thousands of operations which have taken place—many in time to save the life of the patient and many too late—there is not one authenticated case of a foreign substance, such as a seed, being found in the appendix. This will be more fully realized when one has in mind that the interior of the appendix is only big enough to admit a medium sized darning needle. Its great liability to disease is due entirely to its low order of vital resistance—that is, it is an organ which appears to have no actual use in the present machinery of man, but in the earlier stages of man's development it is believed to have been a large pouch that played an important part in the digestive operations of the human system. By ages of disuse it has gradually shrunk to its present dimensions and is known to science as a vestigial organ, one which is only a remnant of its former self and possessing but a vestige of its original functions.

This becomes more clear if some other parts of the body which now seem to have no use are considered. The tonsils are in this class and also the wisdom teeth, and both are peculiarly subject to disease.

The appendix is in one of the most delicate and vital parts of the body, in the peritoneal cavity, usually to the right of the center of the abdomen.

But in rare instances it has been found on the left side, and still more rarely otherwise displaced. This discovery, made very recently, has caused the surgeons to be extremely careful to locate the trouble before using the knife.

But science never stands still. It always pushes its investigations beyond mere appearances, and out of the mysteries of nature develops facts which give it power and might. When it was once proved that the poison which produced septic peritonitis came from the breaking down or decay of the appendix, the very root of one of man's worst physical foes was laid bare. Further practice established beyond a doubt that in a large majority of cases the appendix could be removed by a simple surgical operation and the patient restored to vigorous health, if the disease was discovered in time and correctly diagnosed.

The surgeons now regard the operation itself as one of the most simple, but to obtain the best results it should take place within a few hours after the patient begins to suffer from the disease. In fact, the sooner the operation is had the better are the chances of recovery, while if the knife is not resorted to death is sure to ensue very promptly or after lingering miseries from the deadly poison perambulating through the system and coming to the surface in abscesses.

The symptoms are so plain and unmistakable to the surgeon of today that any sufferer may know them for himself:

First.—The attack is always sudden. It comes on when the person is apparently in the best of health and without the slightest warning.

Second.—A sharp pain is felt in the very center of the abdomen. This is always the case, whether the appendix be in its correct place on the right side or displaced to the left.

Third.—A sore and tender spot, very painful to the touch, is located exactly where the incision must be made to find the appendix.

These are the three plain symptoms which have been found in thousands of cases with scarcely a variation.

Thus it is that many sudden deaths occur to persons in robust health. They are thought to have a colic or a vertigo, when the truth is that miserable and useless little organ, the appendix, has met with some kind of an accident and clogs the whole machine.

Appendicitis usually occurs between the ages of 10 and 30 years. It is extremely rare above or below those ages. It is much more frequent among males than females, the proportion in all countries being 20 per cent females to 80 per cent males.

The cause for this difference is of very recent discovery, and is not even known generally among the medical profession. Dr. Clado, a French surgeon and investigator, sought an explanation of the comparative immunity of the female sex from the malady, and discovered that the appendix in woman has an extra blood vessel that does not exist in man. This discovery was hailed with delight by the surgical world. It was not only a bit of new knowledge of infinite value, but was an additional proof of the theory that the collapse of the appendix is always due to its want of vital resistance.—New York Journal.

Cold Cures.

A plan is being recommended by French physicians to cure colds by applying ice to the spine. Indeed, nowadays the curative value of cold is being highly spoken of, and the inflammatory sore throat which used to be treated by poultices and warmth is now said to be easily and quickly cured by sucking ice and keeping the patient in a low temperature.

Utility.

"Your daughter has had a great many admirers?"

"Oh, yes! She puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."—Chips.

SHE'S WELL EDUCATED.

A Woman Who Has Learned Entirely by Careful Listening.

The wonderful development of certain faculties in the cases of persons who have lost the use of some of their natural functions, or of others whose faculties have not been fully developed, has long been a matter of remark, but it is not alone the outside observers who appreciate the provisions of nature for the benefit of the unfortunates. The sufferers themselves often appreciate this fully, and in some instances, after years, grow to depend so much upon their acquired faculties as to be afraid of a change, even if they have the chance of one.

An illustration of this is given by a woman in Brooklyn who never has learned to read or write. In no way could one discover this except by her own admission or by putting her to a direct test, for she is one of the best educated women in the country, conversant with languages, art, literature and all the current topics of the day. She is rich, too, and could afford all the services of the best teachers if she but chose to learn to read, but she refuses to do so.

When this woman was a child, her parents lived far from schools, so she had no chance then to learn to read or write. As a mere child she began to earn her own living, and again the chance for schooling slipped away. Then she married and the cares of a family took up her time. By the time the babies were off her hands, her husband had grown rich, and then she began her real education, and now, as a widow, she continues it. Her companions read to her and talk with her about all the topics which interest her. Years of such work have stored her mind with a rich treasure of knowledge, and there is not a page of a book that has been read to her that she is not familiar with. Her stores of knowledge are at her instant command. Why will she not learn to read? Because, she says, she fears that this wonderful memory, which is now such a treasure house to her, might be impaired if she were to do anything to weaken the demands upon it.

What such a memory can do is well illustrated in the case of a tailor of this city who cannot read or write. He is probably the most widely known man in his business here, as for many years he has done business with New York's firemen and policemen. Almost every man of these two bodies has dealings with this tailor, and each month between the first and the tenth days he visits every station house and engine and truck house in this city to collect his dues. He has acquired considerable wealth, and it is said of him that in all the years he has dealt with the firemen and policemen he never was known to make a mistake of a cent in any man's account, although all his records of transactions have been kept in his head. —New York Sun.

WHEN GRANT WAS POOR.

A Time In His Career When He Needed the Wherewithal.

General W. H. L. Barnes, one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar, at a meeting of the California commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, told the following story about General Grant. It was told years ago to General Barnes by Captain Richard L. Ogden, once a clerk in the office of the United States quartermaster at San Francisco, and General Barnes recently copied it from Captain Ogden's diary.

It was that when Grant resigned his commission as captain, at the age of 32, being then in Oregon, he went to San Francisco on his way home and presented to Captain Ogden a certificate of per diem service on a court martial amounting to about $40. The certificate was incorrectly drawn, and Grant with a look of despair asked Captain Ogden's permission to sleep on the lounge in the latter's office, saying he had not a cent to his name. He slept on the rickety office lounge, and Ogden agreed to cash the certificate personally and to send it back to Oregon for correction. Grant had expected to buy passage for himself to New York in the steerage, but Ogden went with him to the Pacific Mail steamship office and procured for him a cabin passage pass, or what was the nearest to it the steamship company could give, for Grant had to pay his railroad fare across the isthmus. This, however, left him $15, and Grant was very grateful.

The diary quotes him as saying to Captain Ogden: "This is a great luxury and what I did not expect, and I am indebted to you for it. The prospect of ever being able to reciprocate is certainly remote, but strange things happen in this world, and there is no knowing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Size of the Congressional Library.

Founded in the year 1800 by the modest appropriation of $5,000 "for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of congress at the said city of Washington," this collection has grown, notwithstanding the ravages of two fires, to the present aggregate of 740,000 volumes. The acquisition of the Jefferson library in 1815, the Force Historical library in 1865, the Smithsonian library in 1867 and the Toner collection in 1882, all constituted specially important and valuable accessions to its stores. And by the enactment of the copyright law of 1870, followed by the international copyright act of 1891, this library became entitled to receive two copies of all books, periodicals and other publications claiming the protection of copyright in the United States. —A. R. Spofford in Century.

Deserved Credit.

"I may lead a wild life," said Jiggers, "but I'll tell you one thing—I take care about the people my boys associate with."

"I know you do," said Hawkins. "I've observed that you spend very little time with 'em yourself, old man, and I honor you for it."—Harper's Bazar.

A OF BIT LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door
And sang as many times before.
A man to daily toil passed by,
No love nor pleasure lit his eye.
But when he heard the merry song
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churchyard slept.
But when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burning tears was staid,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain
And softly joined the sweet refrain.
Thus all day long that one song bore
Its joyousness from door to door.
—Sara J. Denton.

A GREAT RIVER.

Marco Polo's Report Concerning the Gigantic Yang-tse-Kiang.

Noah Brooks quotes the following from the great Venetian traveler in his series of St. Nicholas papers, "The True Story of Marco Polo:"

And I assure you this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there pass and repass on its waters a great number of vessels and more wealth and merchandise than all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together. It seems indeed more like a sea than river. Messer Marco Polo said that he once beheld at that city 15,000 vessels at one time. And you may judge if this city of no great size has such a number, how many must there be altogether, considering that on the banks of this river there are more than 16 provinces and mo than 200 great cities, besides towns and villages, all possessing vessels.

Messer Marco Polo aforesaid tells us that he heard from the officer employed to collect the great khan's duties on this river that there passed up stream 200,000 vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down! Indeed, as it has a course of such great length and receives so many other navigable rivers, it is no wonder that the merchandise which is borne on it is of vast amount and value. And the article in largest quantity of all is salt, which is carried by this river and its branches to all the cities on their banks and thence to the other cities in the interior.

The vessels which ply on this river are decked. They have but one mast, but they are of great burthen, for I can assure you they carry, reckoning by our weight, from 4,000 to 12,000 cantars each. In going up stream they have to be hauled, for the current is so strong that they could not make head in any other manner. Now the towline, which is some 300 paces in length, is made of nothing but cane. 'Tis in this way: They have those great canes of which I told you before that they are some 15 paces in length. These they take and split from end to end into many slender strips, and then they twist these strips together so as to make a rope of any length they please. And the ropes so made are stronger than if they were made of hemp.

Electric Eyes.

The latest adjunct that science gives to the surgical operator is an electric eye. Strictly speaking, it is not an eye at all, but rather a sort of searchlight, which is used to aid the human eye in delicate surgical operations.

Oftentimes surgeons are handicapped in their work by the fact that they cannot see distinctly the parts upon which they must operate. The formation of the human body is such that in many instances no light can be put directly upon the particular part of the human anatomy that is to be operated upon. The eye can see to the extent of human capability, but in intricate operations, however strong the light in the operating theater may be, the rays lack that penetration and power of concentration so necessary to delicate surgical operations.

Professor Charles E. Quimby, of Bellevue hospital, New York, has patented this new aid to surgery. From an ordinary electric light wire a connection is made with this device, which fits the face much in the manner of a pair of spectacles. The appliance in itself consists of two small incandescent lamps, which are fitted one above and the other below the eye of the operator. They are so adjusted that the rays focus at a point sufficiently near the ordinary point of vision to throw all the power of the electric rays upon the point desired.

It is practically a portable searchlight adapted to the operating theater. The lamps are in the form of an annular glass globe, with an illuminating conductor. An insulated backing, consisting of a metal leather lined band, which passes around the head, prevents the heat from affecting the wearer, and at the same time holds the light in position and prevents any possible effect that otherwise the electricity might have upon the wearer. The lights more nearly resemble long glass tubes than anything else. Within these tubes are placed the lamps, which can be adjusted to any desired angle. When a direct downward ray is desired, a small reflector is fixed above the light and the rays thrown in the desired direction.—San Francisco Examiner.

Saved a Licking.

The butcher's boy who had called to deliver a parcel had thoughtlessly left the garden gate open, and the 7-year-old ruler of the house called after him: "Here! Come back and shut that gate!"

The butcher's boy stopped, but showed no inclination to obey the command. "I don't have to!" he shouted defiantly.

"Yes, you do," insisted the 7-year-old. "You come right back and shut it now, or somebody's going to get the worst licking he ever had."

The butcher's boy came running back, full of fight.

"He is, eh?" he said. "Well, who's going to lick 'im, eh?"

"Mother is," calmly remarked the youngster. "If you leave that gate open, I'll be certain to go out into the street. Mother'll see me, and I'll get licked. Shut it tight, please, so I can't get out."

And the butcher's boy did.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 357 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

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Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

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Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

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Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle st.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearcorn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
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Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

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Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3324 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Douglas hall, Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

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Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
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DIVISION 14.

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Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 3435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 16.

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Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
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DIVISION 17.

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Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

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Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

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Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
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Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
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Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
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Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Riverside.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets Second and Fourth Mondays in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
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Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

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Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
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Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 3322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

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Recording Secretary, David Brodsick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
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Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton, 1259 W. VanBuren st.
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Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

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Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

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Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

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Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
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Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
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DIVISION 36.

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Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
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DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6330 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

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Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
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First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Keunedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

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JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

CHEWING CURIOSITIES.

A Variety of Articles Used by Those Addicted to the Habit.

Quite a number and variety of articles are used by people who are addicted to the habit—apparently a growing one—of chewing things that come under the head of neither food nor medicine. The appetite is probably a survival of the familiar propensity which prompts babies to put everything they lay hold of into their mouths, for it is observed that not only men and boys, but also girls and women, come to indulge in the practice.

Among men the admittedly noxious habit of chewing tobacco is still probably as disagreeably prevalent as ever. Recently it was stated on good authority that servant girls and shop assistants often have a habit of chewing tea, and that the practice, when carried to excess, has sometimes reduced them to a state of nervous prostration which rendered it necessary to visit a doctor to reveal the cause.

The choice of something to chew often depends on the occupation or the articles available. A coffee broker I know acquired a liking for coffee beans, a supply of which he always carried about in his pocket, and he has an amusing and naive way of offering a few to any friend he may chance to be talking to, as a man offers a pinch of snuff when indulging himself. In this case it is more than likely the habit was detrimental to health. Another man, in the grain trade, was perpetually munching rice or some other cereal, while still another acquired a liking for root ginger, which he had first used for teeth and gums too susceptible to cold in winter.

During the influenza epidemic among the suggested preventive measures recommended was that of chewing cinnamon bark, and in some cases those who followed the advice became so fond of the spice that they afterward continued its use simply because they liked its stimulating taste and aromatic flavor.

Horsy men who do not chew tobacco frequently indulge themselves in chewing oats, varying this delicacy with choice bits of hay or straw, the latter for choice.

Seamstresses acquire a taste for odds and ends of thread and wool, and in several cases have injured their health by chewing pieces that have been colored with poisonous dyes.

Unquestionably, however, the substance most used in this connection is "chewing gum," which now forms an important article of commerce. In its raw state it is collected from spruce trees, which grow plentifully in New Brunswick, and it appears to have supplied just the thing that many people require who must have something to chew just for the sake of chewing.

It was naturally first used in America, but the habit of chewing it has rapidly spread among European and oriental countries, and a busy industry has been called into existence and rapidly developed till it has now attained astonishing dimensions. It is used by all classes and is equally in demand among athletes and sedentary workers and in hot or cold climates. It is chewed with avidity at the gold and diamond mines and has found its way to the merchant's counting house, the clerk's desk and the office boy's pocket.

Between 30,000 and 35,000 people are engaged in the preparation, selling and advertising of this curious luxury. It is said the United States spends $8,000,000 more on this article than on the maintenance of its clergy of all denominations. From another point of view it is stated that, on the one hand, the chewing gum luxury costs $9,000,000 more annually than the entire expenses of running the prisons, courts, hospitals and police force of New York, while, on the other hand, the entire revenue from the sale of fermented liquors only exceeds that from chewing gum by $3,000,000.

That chewing gum has not escaped adulteration, and that its use is not altogether devoid of risk, may be gathered from a case which came before a court last year. A stick of chewing gum was submitted to the public analyst, who reported that it contained 35 per cent of paraffin wax, that the wax was insoluble, and that if swallowed it would be injurious to health.—Boston Herald.

The bite of the mosquito would scarcely be noticed were it not for the fact that the insect injects into the wound an acrid juice, which causes the itching and painful sensation.

The myrtle plant has always been regarded as an emblem of love. Among the Greeks and Romans it was planted in cemeteries.

Oldest Savings Bank in Chicago.

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